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Series of Practical Tracts.
No. 4.

THE MOTHER'S

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

New York:
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY,
5 Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue,

No. 292. 1866. 32 pp.

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NEW YORK

THE MOTHER'S TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

It was a bright Sunday afternoon in early summer, and the church bells had ceased. Anne Wright sate amidst the youngest of her little flock, teaching them lessons of heavenly wisdom; not preaching to them indeed, but simply telling them the great truths which she herself believed, talking of Jesus as of some dear friend in whose love she herself rejoiced, and to whom she longed to bring her beloved ones.

There was a reality and sincerity in all this Christian mother said, which at once inspired the children with faith in her; and it is a great point gained in educating our children to have obtained their entire belief in our word. It lays a capital foundation for the structure hereafter to be raised of faith in things unseen.

To-day she was telling them the story of the widow's son, whom the Saviour, in pity for the mother's grief, had raised to life at Nain. Her voice faltered, and her eye filled as she spoke, for but three weeks ago she had laid her little Nelly, the child of many prayers, and the beloved of many hearts, in its grave in the green churchyard; and now she told them as they listened with a tender, hushed manner, which her quiet grief inspired, of the glad morning of the resurrection which should surely came, as surely as the spring had gladdened their hearts after the dreary winter. And they did not doubt it in the least. This mystery of the resurrection, which neither the child nor the parent understood, they reverently accepted, because God said so; just as they believed their parents when they told them a thing not exactly clear to their reason, simply on their parents' word.

So now they believed this great fact because God had declared it, and their little hearts took comfort in the words of Jesus, "Thy brother shall rise again."

Five years had passed away since last we looked in on the inhabitants of Barker's Buildings; changes had taken place there, and time had done its work. Death and life had each been busy. Nelly had been taken; and two others, one still a baby in arms, had been added to the little band, four of whom now sate at the mother's knee, whilst their elders were absent with the father at the house of prayer.

A neighbour dropped in to cheer the poor sorrowing mother; but there was a peace on that mother's brow, to which the world could neither add, nor take away; and Mrs. Grey sat down, feeling conscious that she must be a learner here.

She was a neat, prim, tidy woman, the mother of a large family, who inhabited the cottage long since deserted by the Wilmots, and presenting now a very different aspect from that it wore in those times of disorder and misrule. Dirt was Mrs. Grey's abhorrence, cleanliness the rule of her household. Good woman, she never remembered when she asserted that cleanliness was next to godliness, that she was guilty of placing it before it; and that in her devotion to this idol she too often set aside the duties of forbearance, gentleness, and love. She prided herself on keeping her house always in order, her hearth well swept, her litters all cleared away before her good man returned from work. The coarse table cloth on which the meals were spread, never, or by rare accident bore marks of dirty fingers, or of children's spilt food—and woe to the little hand which mistook the way to the mouth! The same care was exercised in the dress and persons of the family, as on the floors and tables of the cottage. Rags, dirty pinafores, holey stockings, buttonless shoes or shirts, were things not to be found in the Greys' wardrobe. And yet, it was a home sadly lacking in comfort and brightness, a home of unrest

and oftentime of sadness, from which the elder children longed to be free, though the freedom were but for hard toil in the world; and in which the younger ones knew little of the gladness of youth, or of the fond and tender influence of loving spirits.

Mrs. Grey, nevertheless, thought herself an excellent manager, a good wife, and a pattern mother; nay, she was something more in her own eyes, a good Christian. No Sunday frolicking, no visits to tea-gardens, nor long walks to Leigh woods in time of service; but as sure as the bells were out, the little Greys all dressed in plain, but neat fashion, were marshalled to the parish church by the father, a meek, quiet man, but with a sorrowful, depressed look, at which a wife might have blushed, let the cause be what it would.

The Greys were not allowed to go to Sunday school, they got their things so pulled about, and their bonnets so crushed, the mother said, and mixing with dirty children, there was no telling what they might catch; so she took their religious education into her own hands, and a very gloomy kind of religion she taught. She was not an ignorant nor an illiterate woman; she was well read in Bible History, and by no means a stranger to religious impressions. She had a great respect for religion indeed, suffered no one in her hearing to take God's name in vain, taught her children their prayers, and their duty to God and their neighbour, and would have thought it impossible to prosper in the week without attending church twice on the Sunday. Honest, kind-hearted in spite of her quick temper, faithful and industrious; what was that one thing lacking in the little household—that broken string which put all the rest out of tune? I will tell you; it was a spirit of love; her religion was one of fear, her rule was the same. She taught her children to fear God as she taught them to fear herself; but they did not learn from her lips, nor from the gentle tone of her voice, that the love of Jesus would make the service of their Maker easy.

A girl of ten accompanied her mother on this Sunday afternoon visit to Mrs. Wright; her eyes were red as though from recent weeping, and there was a sullen pout on her lips which bespoke a spirit not humbled by the appeal of love, although repressed by the hard voice of reproof. Anne Wright could scarcely bear to look at the little flushed face; the girl was just the age of her dead child, and she spoke tenderly to her without asking the cause of her grief, and let her hold the baby, an office much to the child's taste, apparently, who danced it with great glee.

"Now take care not to tumble its dress," said Bessie's mother sharply, "and don't make a din so as we can't hear ourselves speak; remember what day it is," she said sharper still, as the little Wrights began to dance round the crowing baby. "Remember what day it is!" those words were sounded in the Greys' ears till they were not likely to forget. "Remember what day it is"—most needless reminder—a day for long lessons, tedious church-goings, tedious, because no loving motives entered into the service of God's house; a day for long lectures, or duller restrictions from all manner of amusement, when the hours passed so wearily that the children fancied Sunday had twenty-four hours rather than the usual twelve. "Remember what day it is" was joyfully murmured to the little Wrights when they awoke to their happy Sabbaths; and oh, what pleasant associations were theirs with those Sunday bells. Father at home all day, that was their great joy. Mrs. Grey would have shaken her head, and said something about its being God's day, and frowned at the idea of the children's liking Sunday because father was at home; but we must take children not exactly as they ought to be, but as they are. And it is unreasonable to expect those who as yet are strangers to the spiritual enjoyments of a Sabbath, to pretend to rejoice in its advent on that account. After all, there was soundness in the principle of liking Sundays for one reason,

because father was at home. The father in the family is but an image of the great Father of the human race. To rejoice in the presence of this earthly parent, proves that the grand principle in our children's education has not been overlooked, and that their young hearts are prepared by honouring and loving the father of their childhood, to learn the duty of reverence to Him who may be their reconciled Father in Christ Jesus. "Remember what day it is"—the Wrights will never forget this early lesson, when scattered far and wide, when the family circle shall be broken up, and the beloved parents shall have passed from the humble cottage to the heavenly mansion, memories of Sabbaths spent in their happy, peaceful home, shall come across their spirits, winning back affections which perhaps have wandered from God; and in the hour of temptation, recalling the holy and peaceful Sabbath days of childhood.

The two mothers sate talking, whilst Bessie, proud of her charge, carried the baby up and down the garden path, the other children chatting merrily, somewhat to Mrs. Grey's scandal.

"Dear me," said the latter, as a merrier laugh arose, "how tiresome it is that children won't learn to be still and quiet on Sundays. There's Bessie, now. I was dressing the others for church this afternoon, and only turned my back for a minute, when, what must she do? but get out and talk to those Burrells, who know neither fear of God nor man. They told her they were going cowslip-gathering to Westberry, and set her longing, so when I called her in to finish dressing, she turned sulky and said she didn't want to go to church, and fell a crying when I scolded her, till she wasn't fit to be seen. But I gave it her and set her down to learn her catechism, and say it off to her father without a mistake to-night. She won't want to go gadding again in a hurry, I've a notion. I'm determined my children shan't break the Sabbath like their neighbours, if I teach them nothing else."

"Don't you think, by being over strict, though, you may make them rather dislike Sunday, Mrs. Grey, and so, when they grow older, be the more likely to break it."

"No. I was always brought up to keep it holy; my mother, good creature, had eight of us, and we never missed our church, that I can recollect; we never went out to idle and play as some of the neighbour's children did. Look at those Panks. I'm sure every one of those girls is a walking sermon on the evil of Sabbath-breaking. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he won't depart from it.' Solomon said that, Mrs. Wright, and he was wiser than you or I."

"I did not mean to excuse Sabbath-breaking, Mrs. Grey, far from it; but I do think it should be made a happy day to children; and we can't expect a child to spend it just as we do, who can reason. I do think, and you must excuse my freedom, that to keep children at work with religious books or church all Sunday is so unlike what a child can understand, or relish, that it is likely to make him dislike Sundays; and if he dislikes them when he is little, he never loses a sort of distaste for the day. So don't you think the best way to make the little ones keep it holy, is to teach them to love the God of the Sabbath. They will then love it naturally, because it is his own day, just like as they do our birthdays."

Very different were the tea-tables of the Greys and the Wrights on this Sunday evening. The father of each family had returned from the afternoon service at their respective places of worship, each sitting down to a clean and well-prepared meal in an orderly and comfortable house,—but the dove of peace was not on each home threshold alike; the spirit of love and content was banished from the Greys dwelling. The children had been restless at church, and when called upon to repeat the text, could not remember a word. After tea was over, and the little

ones were hurried to bed that the mother might attend an evening service, the elder children sate gloomily at the window, watching the neighbours pass the gate, or the boys and girls playing in the lane, and counting the moments when the long, dull, weary day should close, and bed-time, the happiest hour of the twelve, should come.

A little sadness there was on Anne Wright's face that night, as she busied herself among the children, for a vacant chair was by the table, and she thought of the dead lamb of the little flock; but she was not mournful when she spoke to them, nor did she expect that their young thoughts would continue to dwell as her mother's heart dwelt on the absent child. Besides, had she not a world of comfort in those who were spared? Willie, the eldest boy, he who had been the self-willed petulant little actor in that buttercup and daisy scene long ago, had gained many a victory over sin and self since that time, and the mother rejoiced in the hope that her first-born child was a child who loved God's word, and often sought his strength in prayer. Annie, now a useful and active little damsel of thirteen, was her right hand, and a great help with the little ones, neat-handed, and not afraid of work, but with a few of the faults of her age and of elder daughtership especially, which now and then disturbed the domestic peace, and made her parents anxious. She was fond of being uppermost, ever sought the highest place, had a little hankering after change and gaiety, a little taste for a smart ribbon, and some considerable share of a love of gossip, which required a check.

These Sunday-evening meals were seasons of heart-outpourings; and in this quiet time they talked over the family joys and sorrows without reserve. It was felt to be a day of union as well as a day of rest. They never dreamed of cherishing an unkind thought, of concealing a fault, or of keeping back a cause of anxiety or trouble on a Sunday; for on Saturday nights the mother had always heard

any little tale of trial or temptation. By Sunday morning every heart was lightened by the knowledge that there was nothing to conceal; and on Sunday evening there came a peculiar gush of family love and confidence, which bore abundant fruit. Around that humble board the family might be likened to soldiers upon a battle-field, withdrawn a little from the camp, and gathering up fresh strength and wisdom for the fight from taking counsel together. Willie would tell of his week's trials; the boy with whom he worked, that bad, hard boy, whom his father had begged the master to try a little longer, was still no better—so idle—so mischievous, and he set such a bad example to the rest. Did the father really think that it was any use trying him on? And the father smiled and said, "Yet another week;" and reminded Willie of the seventy times seven which the Saviour spoke to Peter when he asked how often an erring brother should be forgiven. And Willie resolved that he would try and win Frank Burrell yet, and would watch over him for good; for Willie knew how much and long, not only his Heavenly but his earthly father had borne with him. Then Charley would tell how the obstinate fits still troubled him at school, but how the good marks really did increase in number, and how the multiplication table was mastered at last; at which there was a general hum of triumphant approval, for Sunday was a day when if one member of the family rejoiced, they all rejoiced together. Every one felt glad at Charley's victory over stubbornness and multiplication; and more than one remembered how pleased Nelly would have been, that loving, patient, gentle Nellie, who had so often won her wilful brother to obedience and love. Nelly was felt to be very near to the children on this Sunday evening. Thoughts of this buried one, now an angel in heaven, mingled naturally with the Sabbath communings of the little flock, and conscious that one link of the family chain was drawn up to

heaven, more than one heart, Willie's especially, breathe prayer, that the whole might one day be seen there unbroken, and the father and mother's souls joined in the unspoken petition. But this was an earthly Sabbath, and as such liable to earth's distractions. The little ones were growing sleepy. Baby tired of the nursery carpet, Jamie and Joe rubbing their eyes and wanting to get down. So while the mother and Annie cleared the table, William Wright took the little restless ones on his knee, and the second girl began the honourable task of undressing baby for the first time, a rich treat to her, and therefore reserved, like many other simple pleasures, for Sunday.

The father told pleasant baby stories to his boys, and Annie and her mother divided the labour of washing up. Meanwhile, one of the most mischievous of the family, and one at the most mischievous age of four years, little Polly by name, was providing amusement for herself in imitating her elders, and with cloth in one hand and blue plate in another, was fancying herself a very useful personage. So long as her labours were confined to the blue plate, all well and good, and Annie took no notice of the little maiden, beyond an occasional injunction to "*take care.*" But soon the child, made bolder by success, exchanged the plate for a mug, and this mug bore a name now almost sacred in the family—the name of Nellie. It had been a birthday gift to Nellie from her grandmother, and was a dying gift to her favourite brother Charlie, to be used, as she had used it, only on Sundays; and no small store did Charley set by the treasure. Soon a loud cry from Polly, and an expression of anger from Charley, brought the mother to the scene of woe. The little possession of her buried one lay on the kitchen floor, broken into numberless pieces, and Polly stood aghast, whilst Charley's anger, exchanged for bitter grief, broke forth in passionate tears.

Mrs. Wright was a quick-tempered woman, but one accustomed to self-control, and she had need of it now; for between vexation at Annie's carelessness in allowing Polly to touch the precious relic of the little sister, sorrow at its loss, and sympathy for her boy Charley, the conflict was very great. Annie, like most conceited people, never for a moment thinking of herself as to blame, began to scold Polly, and Polly to cry, so that the whole household was in a short storm. Nothing could replace the mug, that was certain; and at this unlucky moment Mrs. Grey came in to borrow a Sunday book which Willie had promised her eldest boy, and which she only hoped was "proper;" and hearing of the misfortune, joined her voice against the luckless Polly, who stood perfectly confounded at the grave importance attached to that which she said she could not help. "I should whip her soundly if she were mine," said the disciplinarian; "that's the only way to teach children care."

"I never whip my children, and I don't like punishing for an accident either," said Mrs. Wright, picking up the scattered pieces; "I should not have been vexed, if Polly had broken the plate, and she does not know that she has broken something of greater value; so if I were to scold her, it would only be to give way to my own temper without doing her any good."

"Come, Polly, you are sorry I know, leave off crying so loud and I will kiss you, and so will Charley, I'm sure;" but Charley was not to be brought round.

His father drew him aside, and they went into the garden together.

"Your mother is as sorry as you that the mug is broken, Charley. She loved Nelly better than you can do; but see what an example she sets you, my boy, and think how you add to her grief by giving way to a temper which would grieve Nelly too. Go quite

alone there behind that shed, where Nelly used to sit and think and pray, and see if kind gentle thoughts don't come:" and the child went, but the struggle was a hard one.

Annie's conscience began to tell her, that she had, perhaps, been a little to blame; but she was still too proud to confess that she had seen the child take up the mug, but knew she would have a battle if she tried to take it, and was in fact gazing at the moment at the smart Miss Panks, who passed gaily dressed for their summer's ramble. It was now half-past six. The storm was hushed at last, baby fed and asleep in its cradle, and Joe and the youngest of the children in bed; but Charley would not yet be reconciled, and still sat behind the shed on an old wheelbarrow, trying hard to persuade himself that it was all love for Nelly which made him hold back forgiveness from his little sister.

The father and mother were going together to worship that night, leaving Willie and Annie in charge, and as they passed the nook where Charley sate, the mother turned and sighed. He looked up tearfully in her face.

"I shall pass Nelly's grave to-night," she said, "and I shall join in singing with 'Angels round the throne,' her favourite song, you know; don't let me carry a heavy heart to God's house, Charley." He kissed her, and she knew that he was softened.

Her example of patience had been of more value than many a precept; and thus, believe me, my sisters, will you find it in the training of your children. Be self-denying yourselves, and your little ones will follow your example; be calm in reproving sin; shew in your manner, rather than by many words, that while you are displeased with the offence, your heart pities the offender, and the child will be won to penitence—will be softened to confession, more than by volumes of sharp reproofs and bitter upbraidings. Mothers! a solemn thing it is to deal

with children's sins. Be tender and compassionate, therefore; think of Him who wept over Jerusalem, and, as he patiently bore with the sin and frailty of his followers, hath left us an ensample that we should follow in his steps.

I have dwelt long on Sunday—its duties and its privileges, because I believe the day of rest to be peculiarly a day for the sowing of that good seed which it is the mother's to scatter. Some of the happiest and holiest memories of the best and most useful of men have been connected with their childhood's Sabbaths. The sailor on the blue sea, amid many who fear not God nor keep his commandments, or landed on some heathen isle, where Sabbath bells are never heard, and the glad tidings of the Saviour's love are unknown, will remember, perhaps, some calm Sunday evening in England, when he stood a little child, with brothers and sisters beside him, at his mother's knee, and listened to her simple teaching, or heard her voice in the soft hymn of praise. And he cannot shake off the thought that it is the Sabbath still, and that the lesson learned in his cottage home to keep the one day in seven holy to God yet bound him, and that though the waters of the great ocean divided him and that home, the eye of God was upon him. The servant girl in her place of many duties and hard work, will not forget, though others may, that the day is still the same, though the scene is changed; and that although she no longer hears her father's kindly teachings, or pours out her troubles and anxieties to his patient ear, the God whom her father loved would be her God; and that though her fellow-servants might laugh at her scruples when she turned from their foolish mirth and silly show to her quiet Sunday thoughts and her little Bible; the Saviour marked her, and saw in her remembrance of the day which he had blessed, love to his name, and to his service. A very important piece of news was brought to the Wrights a few weeks after the Sunday I have described. It was brought by Mrs. Pank.

A lady whom she nursed, wanted a girl in her nursery to assist the upper servant, and she had thought of Mrs. Wright's Annie, who had often told her girls how she should like to go out to service. A capital place it was, plenty of good living, a mistress who was easy, and troubled herself very little in the nursery, if the children were only kept quiet; and the upper nurse was her own daughter Sophy. Mrs. Wright did not look so grateful as the eager Mrs. Pank expected, however, and only said, after she had finished, "I don't know what to say."

"Not know what to say! oh, very well, hundreds would jump at it; but pray why shouldn't the place do? I'm a mother, Mrs. Wright; and do you think if the place wasn't a proper one, I should recommend your girl to it?"

"I believe I am very particular, Mrs. Pank; but I think one can scarcely be too careful what sort of place we put our daughters to at first going out. Annie is young, and, like all girls, needs some looking after. I don't fancy the idea of her first place being where the lady is so easy."

"She would be under my girl Sophy; but perhaps you are too proud for that."

"Not too proud; but still I don't think that servants are always good mistresses over one another. Your daughter has not much experience, and perhaps Annie might get into careless ways, which would be hard to cure."

"Well, I can soon find a girl, I dare say," said Mrs. Pank at last, rising in some dudgeon. "I shall try at the Greys; they are tidy people, and I have no doubt in times like these, when food is dear, they will be glad enough to have one of the many mouths filled. These are no times, I say, for over nicety."

Again, Mrs. Wright thanked her neighbour and apologised for her seeming ingratitude; but Mrs. Pank made a very cold answer, and left the house in evident displeasure.

"Oh, mother," said Annie, as soon as she was gone, why didn't you let me go to Mrs. Russell's? I do so want to get out to service, and Jenny can do in my place at home, why mayn't I, mother?"

"I will tell you, Annie. First, and chiefly, I did so because you are not fit for it; and secondly, because Sophy Pank is no fit companion for you. You are very young, Annie, and need to be with girls wiser and better than yourself, not with those even more giddy and less anxious to do right. You know nothing of service. I mean your first place to be one where you are taught to do everything in the best way. I might have put you out a year ago to common places, where you would have learned nothing well; but I liked better to keep you with me till I could find a safe, fit place for you, my dear, with some good mistress who will teach you your duty, and watch over you strictly. My mother, Annie, had, as you know, a large family of us, and she always said, that a great deal of girls' well-doing in life depended on the first start in service. I had an aunt who thought nothing of that, and so long as she could get her girls out, she did not trouble much where. She used to say we must put up with a few things we don't like for them, because they have never been out before, and it won't do to be too particular; but I hold we can't be too particular. If you don't learn to be a good servant in your first place, you are far less likely to be one in your second."

"Oh, mother, live and learn, they say."

"Yes, live and learn, Annie; but let first lessons be good ones. Now sit down and mend that stocking; baby is asleep, so lay her in the cradle; that is one lesson for you which will serve you in a lady's nursery as well as in your mother's cottage. Nursing a child when it is asleep does harm in two ways. It teaches you idle habits, and is an excuse for laziness. You sit dreaming with the baby on your knee, when you might be doing something better—needle-

work, dusting, half-a-dozen things; but I want to tell you about my cousin. You like a tale, you know; and, Annie, don't be sorry, dear, about this place; 'tis likely you feel a bit disappointed, but don't you think I know best?"

The girl was touched with the tone of sympathy; she saw that whilst her mother's wisdom crossed her will, her mother's love pitied her disappointment, and she looked up cheerfully and said, "Yes, mother, I *know* you do."

So Mrs. Wright began her story. She was not idle, I must tell you, for the tale was often broken by her walks to the fire-side to take out another heater, and the click of the ironing-box (for it was the day after the weekly wash) mingled with her pleasant voice; and Annie, seeing her mother so busy, darned the while in sober earnest. "There was not much wonderful in Lucy's story, my girl; only as I said my aunt put her out to service too young. It was a hard winter, and there were several of them, and a place turning up as nurse-girl in a tradesman's family, Lucy went. She was a clever, handy girl enough, but she had as yet many things to learn. Well, she was pleased enough to get into this tradesman's house, where the work seemed easy compared to that of home. There were only two children, the youngest a child of six months, and she used to have to take them out every day into the country, and keep them out as long as they would be good. Her mistress was busy all day long in the shop, and saw very little of them; and Lucy thought it a famous thing to be so much of her own mistress. So she liked the life well enough; and being used to children, it never came into her head that she had anything to learn. But she got into sad idle gossipping ways with other nurse-girls; and when they all got clustered together in the fields, I'm afraid they did not think much of their charge. There they used to sit telling there silly tales to one another, and letting the children play together, pick up stones, and grass

and dirt, and make themselves as dirty as possible; and then if they tumbled down, or began to cry, or made their clothes very bad, up used to jump Lucy, shake and scold the little dears because they did not take care of themselves, and keep out of the harm from which it was her business to keep them. The youngest of these children was very fat and heavy; well, I have seen Lucy sitting on a seat in one of those fields, and let that heavy child bear its whole weight upon its legs, long and long after it got tired and fretful; and soon the mother wondered why the legs grew out, and why the child, though it used to be so healthy and active, showed no signs of standing alone at thirteen months old, as the other child had done. It was no wonder at all, nor was it astonishing either that it was always catching colds, and having its stomach out of order, caused by sitting on the damp grass, or having sweet things given it to keep it quiet.

"In a year, Lucy left that place and got another, and very much disappointed she was to find she could not keep it. Not only had she learned no good, tidy servant's ways in her first place, but by being left to herself, she had got into a great many bad ones. Her new mistress, who was a good manager, and looked well after her nursery, lost patience; the nursery was dirty, the children only half washed and attended to, the linen unmended, the baby always fretting. It was no use to tell the lady that she was never found fault with in her last place, nor called idle and dirty, and muddling there. She was dismissed, and could not persuade her mistress to give her a character as a nurse; for the lady, who though a little strict, was a wise woman, very truly said, 'A little dust on our tables, a little carelessness to our furniture, indeed, may not matter so very much; but one act of neglect to a child may peril its life, and I will not recommend you as nurse again.' So Lucy went out as housemaid; but bad habits again followed her. She had learned in that one year of service

to slight her work, and do nothing well; and what was worse, she had learned to like her own way best, and to be unwilling to alter. So she went on changing places, but never changing her conduct; married at three and twenty;—and oh, Annie, may you never know the miseries of a home like hers! She does nothing well; she loves her children and her husband, for she is not a bad-hearted woman, but she is what may be well called a muddler; and from her dislike to trouble, and her love of gossip and small talk (learned, I believe, in these nursemaids' walks), she is as bad a manager, as shiftless a wife, and as unhappy a mother, as any one I know; and I should not like my girl to be such a one. But come, lay the cloth, dear, and make haste; father will be here in no time."

Ellen Grey, shortly after this conversation, went to live as fellow-servant with Sophy Pank; and there was no lack, you may be sure, of good advice on this occasion of first going to service; but, unfortunately, Mrs. Grey often wasted words, and by the very profusion with which they fell from her lips, they were counted of small value. Better are the few words fitly spoken, seasonably given, and uttered in a loving spirit, than those long orations, full of sharp, hard, biting truths, which fall on the ear, irritate the temper, but never reach the heart. I am afraid you would not even read Mrs. Grey's parting counsel were I to write them—and I am very sure that her daughter's thoughts were far away, long before the lecture was concluded. A great mistake, and one into which we mothers, in the mid-day of life, frequently fall, is that of setting up our own youthful doings as models of imitation to our daughters. "I never did so and so when I was a girl." "When I was your age, I had learned to make every article of dress I wore;" or, "Before I was as old as you, I had made my father and brothers a set of shirts each, and knitted all the children's socks." Or if it be a matter of obedience

—"I never dared to answer my parents, or to question their orders;" or of indulgence—"I was never craving to go out and about;" or of dress—"I never wore anything but dark-blue cotton printed frocks when I was a girl, and a lighter one of the same material for Sundays;" and so on through a long list of acts of self-denial, and other domestic virtues, which our girls will take the liberty of doubting, let us boast of them as we may. The fact is, that although we have lived long enough to learn a great many things, we have also lived time enough to forget a few, and it is very possible that a great many of our deficiences in early life have passed from our memories; and whilst experience has taught us a few useful lessons, and has shown us how much the practice of the duties we enjoin adds to home comfort and peace, we are in danger of drawing pictures for our children's instruction, not of ourselves as we really were, but as in our present advanced state of sobriety and propriety, we see that we ought to have been. "Considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted" may be a useful text for us mothers.

Well, Ellen Grey went home to her place with abundance of wise maxims in her head, and with a secret feeling of relief in her heart at the comparative freedom which she could not but anticipate in her new life. And in the meantime, Annie Wright was looking out for a safe asylum for her dear child, and dropping "here a little, and there a little," as occasion offered, of sound practical advice, which was sure to be remembered, because it was advice suited to the time, and always given in a cup sweet and rich with sympathy. Mrs. Wright did not, moreover, choose a nursemaid's situation for Annie, although one or two offered as tolerably eligible. She knew that in the choice of a business for a boy, taste and fitness for the peculiar work he had to do would be considered, and she saw no reason why the same rule should be overlooked in the choice of service for a girl. Ac-

cordingly, when Mrs. Fletcher, the silversmith's wife, in Park street, who knew and respected the character of the family at Barker's Buildings, came to her cottage one afternoon in autumn, and offered to take Annie as nursemaid to her first child, Anne Wright respectfully declined. Seven pounds a year, to become eight on the second, did not tempt her, nor did the easy pleasant face of the young mother in all its inexperience and freshness, nor her kind, fair promises, alter her resolution.

"You see, ma'am," she replied, "Annie is as good a girl as most, and has, as you say, been used to children; but I don't, for all that, call her particularly fond of them; and if a girl isn't in her heart fond of little ones, not only when they are good, and healthy, and pretty behaved, but loving them when they are tiresome, and fretful, and restless, with that sort of love which will bear all things, and try to make them better, I don't think she can be called *fit* for a nursemaid."

To like a nursemaid's place, and to love little children, stranger's children, too, were very different matters, as Mrs. Wright knew; and although it might seem natural to love children, there were other loves quite as natural, and still stronger in girls who were lively and fond of pleasure—love of gossip, love of ease, love of sleep; all of which were not exactly in keeping with earnest love of little restless beings like young children. In short, Mrs. Wright summed up all her objections in these words,

"I am afraid, ma'am, that my girl might fail in her duty to your baby, because I know her disposition well, but I am more afraid she might come to harm herself. Few girls of fifteen can stand the temptations to idle talk and gossip which are placed in a nurse's way, at least, mine could not; but I know a neighbour's daughter, ma'am, who is really fit for the place; she is two years older, and a steady, thoughtful, good girl, who has known trouble early, and who, ever

since she was ten years old, has been her ailing mother's right hand, and almost a mother, too, to her brothers and sisters—she does love children. Many a time when she has put the little ones to bed at her mother's, she has come in here to ask if she could lend a hand, and has been quite disappointed if the baby were in her cradle, and of her own accord she has come and carried it out for me, when her little sisters (for they have no baby) were going into the fields, and says, she is so sorry their children are now getting so big; for she couldn't live, she thinks, away from children. The mother can spare her now, and asked me the other day if I heard of a place, to let Milly know; but it must be a nursemaid's." To Milly's home Mrs. Fletcher went accordingly, and soon engaged the stout, plain, but good-tempered looking lass, whose eyes overflowed with joy on the news, and whose tones were those of unmixed delight as she answered the question, "Do you like children?"

"Oh, dear, yes, ma'am, indeed I do."

Mrs. Fletcher suggested, that "some children, babies especially, were troublesome; would not always be quiet when we were tired; wanted to be danced and played with when our arms and backs ached; disturbed our rest at night; and as they grew older, did not exact less patience and attention, but more."

"Yes, I know that," was the reply; "we were all babies once. It is not children's faults that they are young and helpless, little dears. It is so nice to think we can take care of them, and keep them from danger; and I hope," she added very humbly, "God will help me to do my duty to the baby, and to love it so well, that I shan't think about what I like, but what is good for that, bless it."

Mrs. Wright judged very rightly in recommending Milly Parkes to the lady with her first child, as years of faithful service proved, for Milly not only loved children, but she loved and feared God, and God was her guide in guiding them. Annie was, therefore

not to be a nursemaid; and one day in the Christmas week, after having waited so long for the right place—that Mrs. Pank laughingly told her neighbours, that Mrs. Wright was looking out for a situation for Miss Annie, where she was only to be kept to be looked at, and was not expected to work—William Wright and his eldest daughter stood on the step of a large house on the Downs, a ladies' establishment it was called, thus contradicting Mrs. Pank's somewhat spiteful assertion; for certainly, as under-housemaid in a school of twenty young ladies, there was not likely to be much idle time on the hands of Annie Wright.

A staid, demure servant of forty opened the door, and spoke a few civil words to the father, expressive of her hope that his girl would be happy, which she was sure to be, if she did her duty; and he committed her to the care of the old domestic, whose character had stood the test, as he knew, of many temptations for a long course of years, with his fatherly blessing, and left his child for the first time, beneath a stranger's roof.

Poor Annie, she cried very heartily as she unpacked her things and took out her mother's parting gift, a new Bible, in which the loving hand had written her name, no great specimen of penmanship indeed, but it was her mother's writing, and there was a slip of paper too within its leaves, with these words in the same hand—"Dear child, never forget to read this book every day, to pray God for help and wisdom; and if you are in trouble at any time, remember you have a loving mother." Ah, and a Christian mother Anne Wright might have added, who, when her child was gone, went into the little bed-chamber in which death had already made one blank, and poured out her soul in prayer for the absent one; never perhaps, so fully thanking God for Nellie's safety in heaven, as in that hour when Annie was first launched out from the haven of home-shelter on to the sea of life.

As William Wright was returning to comfort his wife for the loss of her eldest girl, he had to pass through the crowded streets, busy with preparations for Christmas, and thronged with passengers whose errands all appeared to be the same—that of purchasing some Christmas fare for the morrow. His good wife's preparations were all made, he knew; the yearly gift of the white farm-fatted pork from Berbury was even then hanging in his Anne's clean larder; and the plums, not many in number, it is true, were then in the course of stoning by the honest little children, who consoled themselves for Annie's departure in this sweet service. He had nothing to buy, good man, nor if he had, was there money to spare for Christmas dainties; but it needs not rich Christmas fare to make joyous hearts at that glad time. He rejoiced that the Saviour was come into the world, and he realized the blessings which the Redeemer had purchased for him, and which the angels had proclaimed at Bethlehem, even peace and good-will, and he was going to meet those happy spirits even now in his cottage home. He cared not for the treasures of those lighted shops then, nor coveted for his children any gifts at Christmas tide, but gifts of Heavenly price. The day of rest from his hard labour was right welcome in prospect, and his step was light as he turned it on his homeward way.

Standing beneath a lamp-post, his hat slouched over his face, his arms folded, and his whole appearance one of reckless misery, stood a tall, thin, pale, and ragged lad, who now and then asked charity of the passers-by; and as William Wright could discern by the gas-light, looked almost appealingly in his face and seemed half inclined to ask alms of him, poor man as he was; but there was that in William Wright's face, which was in itself a gift; he had a loving, kindly, compassionate look, and was like his Master, who went about doing good. He seldom passed by on the other side if there were sorrow to relieve, and

Samaritan-like he stopped now. Silver and gold he had none, but he had that which sometimes does more to comfort than coin—kindness, and he said,

"Poor lad, it's cold work standing there, with a cough like that too; hadn't you best go home?"

"Home!" how bitterly the lad laughed "home."

"You have got one, I hope," answered William.

"Not as I know of," was the answer; "perhaps you can tell that best. I haven't been in Riston this two years, and I've had no home this long while, but such a one as is no particular honour to speak of, yet as good as any I ever knew too."

"Surely," cried William Wright, recognizing at length in the poor outcast's voice a familiar tone, "surely you can't be John Wilmot!"

"Aye, but I am; and perhaps you can tell me where my folks are, for I've heard nought of them since I came out of Riston bridewell a year ago."

"And where have you been since?"

"Oh, seeing the world a bit, living as I could, sleeping as often on the road-side as under a roof, and hungry oftener than ever you were, I warrant."

"Your mother has left our parts and is living down somewhere by the water-side; my good woman knows, and if you will walk along with me, she will direct you; come, it isn't far, and I should like to know you were safe at home before Christmas morning dawned, any how."

"Where's the governor?" he asked shortly.

"Your father left (he would not say "home" this time) a twelvemonth since. Your mother is very poor; and oh, John what a comfort her eldest boy might be to her!" He did not answer; and William Wright felt how little there was to work upon in a heart which had been early chilled by the evil influences of a bad and neglected home; no softening memories, no holy, tender associations were his, poor lad; and they walked on silently. They reached the

old scene of the Wilmots' struggles and strifes, when John paused at the door of his childhood's dwelling.

"Mr. Wright," said the lad, "you think me very bad. I know you do; and if it was broad day instead of dark night, you would blush to walk by my side, and yet you urge me to go *home;*" home, where I never learned good, where, from morning to night it was all quarrelling, and crying, and sobbing, dirt and misery. I tell you, in the place they put me last, I was better lodged, better taught, better cared for than there. Don't send me *home.*"

Childish voices now fell on their ears; the little Wrights were singing some Christmas carol in their cottage kitchen, and the sound was softening and sweet, even to the prison lad. When William Wright entered, he saw his first-born's arm was round his mother's waist, for there had been tears in that mother's eyes, tears for the two absent ones from the Christmas hearth. What a contrast between those two boys, once play-fellows together in the green meadow lands near Riston. The one, with all the freshness of childhood, and the budding strength of the man, supporting and cherishing her who had once so cherished him, and she rejoicing in his support. The other, with all the sad premature experience of one familiar with vice, standing on the threshold, as though scarcely worthy to enter such a home. Poor fellow! Anne Wright bade him welcome, gave him the best of the coarse meal, wrapped with her own motherly hands, an old scarf of her Willie's round his neck, and sent him on his way, with a few kind words, but without one reproach. And had he no sermon preached to him, think you, that sin-hardened lad? Ah, yes, the sight of those loving-hearted ones, the voice of that kind matron, the unity of that Christian home, spoke powerfully to the wanderer; and as he followed the directions to his wretched mother's dwelling, he wept like a child.

It was but going home to die, and the bed of death

was not to be smoothed by the hand of love, nor the passage to immortality cheered by the voice of hope and peace. Amid squalid, neglected children, and sounds of anger and disunion, where the little spark of mother's love which still outlived the wreck of domestic joys scarcely suffered to lighten the darkened dwelling, where one elder sister had already begun to tread the path of infamy, and where the sound of the Saviour's name was never heard, did the youth linger out a few days of his suffering life, cheered only by the visits of the kind-hearted Willie, or his mother, who, from time to time, sate by the dying bed, and spoke of Jesus; or Anne Wright told of Nelly, of her humble walk, and of her peaceful death, when the boy's eyes would moisten; and he began to wonder, and at last to hope, that Nelly's Saviour would be his. And so he died.

"He is gone," said Willie to his mother, one bright day in early spring, on his return from the daily visit to the dying boy. "Oh, mother, mother, what do I owe you and God for my home! It seems to me that Nelly's heaven must be sweeter than his can ever be, even if he is there; for mother"—and the boy spoke reverently—"Nelly's will be but a continuance of her old home life, better and happier, of course, because holier; but he will have to learn those home feelings there; and it seems it is wicked, mother, to say that he will feel more like a stranger there, than a child at home."

That very night, trouble came to two houses in Barker's Buildings. Sophy Pank and Ellen Grey both came home from their place in disgrace. It was in the twilight, and the poor paralytic old man —now almost confined to his bed, more from the difficulties which always seemed thrown in his way by his giddy daughters when he proposed to rise, than from actual inability to do so—was alone when his daughter Sophy, flushed, and in a state of great disorder, entered the cottage, and announced the fact of her dismissal.

Violent spasms, which always attacked her poor father on any sudden excitement followed, and Mrs. Wright was called in to assist in his recovery. He remained so ill, however, through the evening, that she proposed sending for his wife, but he resisted it.

"No use, no use," he murmured. "Oh, Mrs. Wright, what shall I do? My girl's character lost, she were better dead. Sarah was out in the country at work," he said; "she was often out now, and there was only the youngest girl at home, who was out on an errand, and always staid so long; would Mrs. Wright sit a little longer?"

She complied cheerfully; her heart ached for this broken-spirited father; and after a little talk with Sophy—who seemed far more angry than penitent at her dismissal—she returned to the sick man, who could not even look at his disgraced daughter with composure. It was not a first error; those walks with the children had been temptations too powerful for Sophy to resist. Meetings had been appointed continually with one of the soldiers in a regiment quartered at Riston; and whilst Sophy was amusing herself with her lover, poor Ellen was compelled to take charge of three children in addition to the baby, and to keep them happy and quiet. This was all very well, she thought, once now and then; but when it became a settled thing, she resisted, and had to be bribed into compliance. If she could, at this critical time, have made up her mind to confide in her mother, and to seek her counsel, much future evil might have been prevented; but she feared her mother more than she feared sin. Oh, woful result of an education of *fear!* And thus, from very timidity, the evil grew, and Ellen was daily weaving around her a web of deceit and concealment. A fortnight previous to her dismissal, the nurses had gone out for their morning walk; and Sophy, according to her almost daily custom, had left the children on the Downs, whilst she stole to her usual appointment with the soldier. It was a cold,

blustering day, the children became fretful, and Ellen, to pacify them, took them into the cottage of a charwoman—formerly in her mistress's employ—who had, on several occasions, for value received in her master's property, rendered services to the cook, from whom Ellen now bore a private message. Only two of the charwoman's children were in the kitchen; but one of them directed Ellen upstairs where she said her mother was, and leaving the three elder of her charge to amuse themselves with the Watsons, Ellen hurried up with the baby in her arms to execute cook's commission. Mrs. Watson sate on a low chair with a child in her arms, breathing heavily, its face crimson with fever, and its head rolling restlessly from side to side; another child was in bed, and Ellen hurriedly asked if the children had anything catching; and being assured it was only a cold, despatched her errand, and went down quicker than she had come up. The little ones below-stairs were not in such a hurry to leave, however. The elder boy was particularly amused in dressing himself up in an old red woolen shawl, which hung on a chair, and would not obey Ellen's frightened summons. At length, they were fairly out of the house, but were met at the gate by the parish doctor.

"You have not been taken those children, in there, I hope! for they have scarlet fever; one child is dying of it. Go home, tell your mistress the truth, and let us hope no harm will come of it."

Poor Ellen, she did not confess the truth, till her sin found her out. Scarlet fever appeared among the children shortly after, and terrified at her own share in the cause of the mischief, she owned her faults to her mistress, and Sophy's misdemeanours to their full extent at the same time. Dismissal was the consequence, and the ruin of one girl at least confirmed.

Mr. Pank never recovered the stroke; his death-bed was a mournful scene. His daughters, one and all, and in greater or less degree, left the paths of virtue

and respectability. He died, bitterly lamenting the neglect of small evils in his children's early days. And as soon as the grave closed on his sorrows, the home at No. 4 was given up—a home, alas, only in name—when Mrs. Panks betook herself to lodgings during the few intervals of leisure which her busy and outwardly prosperous life permitted. She is still in high favour as a nurse, still receiving ample payment for her services; but her money is a source of constant dispute between her and her ill-doing children. The married ones are always worrying her for loans; the single ones, disgraced and wretched as they are, working on her motherly compassion, and a dreary evening of life awaits her; no loving daughter, no steady son, longs to bid the aged mother welcome to his hearth. As she has sowed, so must she reap.

The story is, alas, too true; let us lay it well to heart, and see if any of its lessons apply to us. Ellen Grey was received with bitter reproaches to her angry parent's home. It was less the sin, than its consequences, and disgrace, which her mother dwelt upon; and the girl's heart was left hardened.

She obtained in time another place, but whatever her temptations may be in service, she keeps them secret in her own bosom, and there are rumors in the Row, that more than one of those strictly-trained children, are threatening, at no distant time to break bounds, and to show that fear will never soften one young heart to penitence, or woo one wanderer to the path of truth and rectitude. Many a Mrs. Grey will respond to this assertion.

And Annie Wright was not perfection; her heart was full of folly; her conduct often marred by girlish faults, but she was true. Perfect love had cast out all fear, and if she erred her parents were sure to know it. Once indeed, and early in her history of service, she was dismissed from her place for a grave error of disobedience and thoughtlessness, but she poured out

her sorrows and her penitence into her mother's bosom, and was forgiven, nay, welcomed home as the prodigal. A new life might be dated from that time, and Annie Wright is a happy illustration of the good effects of a training of watchful love, in a peaceful and well-ordered Christian home.

And now, before I lay down my pen, feeling, how much on this subject I have left unsaid; how far better, perhaps, I might have said it; how imperfectly, after all, I have entered into the many secret trials of a poor man's home, and how far easier it is to write or talk wisely, than to *practise*, let me say yet one or two parting words of encouragement and hope.

Yours is a great work, and your hindrances are many; but do not forget that He who made you mothers, and made you poor mothers too, knows and considers them all, and both can and will help you, if you ask Him. He sees the oft-tried weary woman, with her little flock clustering around her; he knows the temptations to temper and impatience, hasty words and hasty blows, of which, more prosperous and less hard-working parents know nothing. He sees the struggle for daily bread, the hard, hard trial of faith and patience. He knows that all husbands are not industrious, nor just to their wives and families. He knows too that among crowded neighbourhoods, the children of the best parents will sometimes learn habits and words of those less carefully trained, at which the poor mother trembles. He sees, in short that your life is one of difficulties and sorrows; but does He *only* see? "He saw her and had compassion," was said of Him, when he looked at the weeping widow. And so in your trials He sees you, and has pity on *you*. Only go to Him in your difficulties, only ask His help in your up-hill path. Tell Him *all* your trials, yes, even the least, and see if you are not helped and strengthened to bear them. Ask Him for patience, He will give it; for wisdom, He will not deny you; for a blessing on your efforts with

the children, He will not break His word, for He has said, "Ask, and ye shall receive," "Only believe, and all things are possible." He who taught us to ask for daily bread, will never scorn the least or humblest petition, so fear not to make your requests known unto God.

And oh! what a day will that be, when, with all your children, you shall be gathered into the home which the blood of the dear Saviour has purchased for all His believing ones; a home, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor sighing.

Mothers, let us take courage. Ours is a high privilege, that of leading our beloved ones to such a home. And let us remember, that in our earthly homes, whether in hall or in cottage, the education for Heaven must begin, for home is the training-school for Eternity!

Finis

Series of Practical Tracts.
No. 2.

THE WORTH

OF

FRESH AIR.

New York:
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY,
5 Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue,

No. 290. 1866. 32 pp.

THE WORTH OF FRESH AIR.

Your neighbour, John Stedman, is set fast with aches and pains, and is very ill. You have just been to see him, you say, and you cannot think why it is that people are every now and then attacked in this way with sickness. You have been told that God sends disease; but for your own part you cannot understand then why it is that some of your neighbours, who, like John Stedman, seem to be the most honest and deserving, get the largest share of it. I think, my industrious friend, I can perhaps help you to the explanation of the riddle. At any rate there are many things, touching upon this very subject, which as an old acquaintance, and one who has learned through long intimacy to take great interest in all that concerns you, I have for some time desired to say. I shall now seize this opportunity to make a beginning, and shall sit myself down comfortably that I may chat with you more at my ease. Pray do not trouble yourself to move any thing. This empty chair near the door will do excellently well for me. I know you will listen to me with attention and patience, first for old friend-

ship's sake, and then because you will very soon feel that what I do say is intended frankly and solely for your good.

You have a fine, smart-looking clock, I see, ticking away there opposite. But the old fellow can hardly be so correct as he seems; his hands point to eight, although the day wants but a couple of hours of noon I fear there must be something wrong about him, notwithstanding his looking so vastly well in the face.

You say you cannot make the clock keep time. You wind it up carefully every Saturday, and set it correctly, and yet before the next Saturday comes round, it has either lagged hours behind, or it has galloped on hours too fast. It goes as if it were moved by the uncertain wind, instead of being driven by regular machinery, and it was a shame for the man to sell you such a bad-going thing. If the clock never did behave itself better, you are right in this: but perhaps you are too hasty in finding fault with the maker; he may not altogether deserve the blame. Let us just open the door of the case, and peep at the inner workmanship, to see whether we cannot discover some cause for the irregular performance.

What is this? As soon as I open the little door I stumble upon something that looks rather suspicious; it is a quantity of light flue, and hair, and dust, mingled together. The clock-maker never put that into the case. Then, observe how every wheel and pinion is soiled with dirt, and every crevice and corner is

choked up with filth. It really would be a very wonderful thing if the wheels did move regularly. The secret of the bad working of your clock is, simply, that you have not known how to take care of it, and use it fairly. I dare say it went very well when it was turned out of its maker's hands, but he never meant it to be in the state in which it now is. You must send it back to him, and get him to clean the works and oil the wheels, and then you must try whether you cannot prevent it from getting into such sad disorder again.

Now, your neighbour yonder with his aches and pains and his sickness, are you sure that he is not in very much the same predicament as this clock? If we could look into the works of his body, are you confident that we should not find them choked up and uncared for, instead of being in the condition in which they were intended to be? His aches and pains, are they not the grating and complaining of deranged and clogged machinery? I am quite aware that sick people generally are not sensible of having allowed anyhting to come near to their bodies which they ought to have kept away. But neither did you know that dirt was getting to the works of your clock, although we discovered it there in such plenty. The dust and dirt which collected there, first flew about in the air, scattered so thinly and lightly that you could not see them. So, too, other things which you cannot see may have been floating in great abundance

round you, some of them being to the living frame what dirt and dust are to clock-work. That there are such invisible things floating around living creatures, and that some of these clog and derange the working of their frames, I think I shall have no difficulty in showing you. I hope I shall also be able to point out to you, that many of them may be discovered, although they cannot be seen, and may be driven away or avoided.

That wonderful object which you call your *body*, is actually a machine like the clock, contrived and put together for a certain service. It has for its works, muscles and bones, and blood-vessels and nerves. These works have been most beautifully fitted and adjusted: indeed they are the workmanship of a skill which cannot fail. The maker of your body is the great and unerring Power, who has also made all the rest of creation. It is God.

God made your body with supple joints and free limbs; with strong muscles and ready nerves. The machine was perfect when it came from His hands. It was then capable of going better than the best clock that was ever constructed by human ingenuity. It was able even to cleanse, and oil, and repair itself, and it was prepared to continue its orderly movements, without suffering the slightest derangement, for sixty or seventy long years. But when God placed this perfected piece of delicate workmanship at your disposal, He, like the clockmaker with his clock,

required that you should at least take care of it, and use it fairly. If, however, you do not do this, then as with the clock, so will it be with your body. If you keep it amid dust and dirt, no other result can come but the clogging of its works, and the derangement of their movements. Out of that dusty old clock-case it is my purpose to draw this very surprising and important lesson in your behoof. WHENEVER MEN GET OUT OF HAPPINESS AND EASE INTO WRETCHEDNESS AND DISEASE, IT IS ALMOST SURE TO BE THEIR OWN FAULT, AND THE CONSEQUENCE OF THEIR OWN DOINGS. Either they perversely and wilfully do something which they know very well they ought not to do, or they do something which they ought not to do, in ignorance, not knowing that it is wrong.

Comfort and ease are to body and mind, what steady and even movements are to clock-work—signs that the machinery is in perfect order. Discomfort and *dis-ease* (*absence of ease*) are to body and mind what fitful and irregular movements are to clock-work; —signs that the machinery is clogged and in disorder. You are always inclined to rebel against discomfort and pain. Never give way to this inclination. Discomfort and pain are friendly monitors, that come to you to perform a kind service. They come to warn you that there is something wrong in and around your own body, which requires to be set right.

You will observe that I have said men *nearly* always have themselves to blame when they get out of health

and into disease. I have said nearly always, because it occasionally does happen that the suffering is not immediately caused by the sufferer's own wrong doing. This, for instance, is the case when the child has a constitutional disease, which has been communicated to it by a parent. It is, however, even in these instances none the less true, that *human blindness or wilfulness* leads to the mischief, and this is really the practical point that I am desirous you should see. These are the cases in which, in accordance with God's law, "the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children." The parents have done wrong, and the offspring have to pay the penalty. The line of obvious duty, however, is in no way altered here. If a man suffers because his parents did what was wrong, this really is an additional reason why he ought never to do that which may cause his own children to suffer, in like manner, with himself.

There is this further proof, that even in these cases it really is *man's wrong doing which leads to human suffering.* When the children of parents who have done what was wrong, go on doing only what is right through several generations, their offspring at last cease to suffer, and become altogether healthy and sound. The burthen of the fathers' sins is then, at length, mercifully taken off from their shoulders.

Having listened patiently to this little sermon, you would now like me to come to the point, and show you some of the dust and dirt which are scattered

around the living body, and which at times get into the machinery to the damage of its working. First of all, in my endeavour to do this, I should like to make you quite comprehend the possibility of there being very weighty matters pressing close round you, which you nevertheless are entirely unable to see, even in bright daylight. Just come out with me, here, upon the road. How pleasant and fresh the day is. Do you not feel the gentle breeze fanning your cheek as you turn up the lane? Yet you cannot see the breeze! What is it, then? Certainly it is *something*, for it touches and even presses against your skin. But it is something, too, which has weight and power of its own. Observe how it shakes the leaves of the trees as it sweeps past them. It is, as you know, the same unseen breeze which also drives round those great mill-sails yonder with such violence, and which grinds as much corn in that mill, as could be ground by the efforts of a dozen horses, kept up to their work by the whip. We have not had to move far, then, before we have come upon something which we cannot see;—before we have proved to ourselves that we must not altogether depend upon our eye-sight for information, even concerning the existence of surrounding things.

But what is this? The breeze is not so fresh here as it was just now at the end of the lane. There is some very disagreeable smell now floating upon it. Here again we can see nothing, any more than we

could when we had only the fresh breeze blowing around us. But there must be some cause for the unpleasant odour. The smell gets stronger and stronger as we approach this bank. We climb over the bank, and we find on the other side, in the corner of a field, a manure-heap, from which the smell is evidently poured out. NOW THAT SMELL IS REALLY A VAPOUR, BRED OF DECAY IN THE MANURE, AND THEN STEAMING UP FROM IT INTO THE AIR. If our eyes were as sharp as our noses, we should be able to see a great host of little bodies rushing up from the manure, and scattering themselves through the air. It is because some of those little bodies strike upon the lining of our noses, as they are drawn in by our breathing, that we smell the unpleasant odour. The nose feels the touch of those bodies as a smell.

Wherever substances which have been alive, are dead and undergoing decay, vapours of this kind are bred and steamed forth. This is the way in which dead things are got rid of; they turn to vapour and crumble to dust. If we could see all the vapours that are being bred of decay, we should be sensible of a thick mist covering the entire face of the land and sea, and rising up from it continually. Some of these vapours have strong smells, like those which issue from the manure-heap; but some of them cannot even be smelt, any more than they can be seen.

But these invisible vapours bred of decay, were not intended to be breathed by living creatures; and,

indeed, cannot be breathed by them without mischief. We are able to stand near the manure-heap for some time without taking any particular harm, because the vapours are scattered as fast as they are formed, and are mingled in small quantities with large quantities of pure air. We thus breathe air tainted with these vapours, rather than the vapours themselves. But suppose all the air were taken away, and you were left standing with nothing around you but these vapours, what do you think would happen to you? You would be dead in less than three minutes, killed by their poisonous power. The VAPOURS WHICH ARE BRED IN DECAYING SUBSTANCES ARE POISON-VAPOURS.

You would like to know why it is, as these poison-vapours are poured out in such quantities from all decaying substances, that you do not see people dying all around from breathing them. Did I not tell you, in the case of the poison-vapours of the manure-heap, that you could breathe them because they were freely scattered into the fresh air? Now just come a few yards this way. You observe the smell of the manure grows less and less. Here you cannot any longer perceive it, although the wind is actually blowing over the manure-heap towards us. The fact is, THESE POISON-VAPOURS CANNOT BEAR THE PRESENCE OF PURE AIR. Pure air is the natural *antidote* or remedy for their poison. The instant it mingles with them it begins to destroy their hurtfulness, and in a few moments it has so thoroughly

accomplished this good work that no single trace of mischievous power remains.

Has it ever occurred to you to ask yourself why the pleasant wind blows over hills and fields, and through lanes and streets? You know very well that the wind always is blowing, more or less. Go out when you will, you find it, if you turn the right way. It is the most uncommon thing in the world for the air to be altogether still. The fresh wind blows so constantly over hill and plain, because God sends it to sweep away and destroy the poison-vapours that steam out from decaying substances. The breeze is God's invisible antidote to the invisible poison. THE PLEASANT WIND BLOWS IN ORDER THAT THE AIR MAY BE KEPT FRESH AND PURE.

In the open air the fresh wind very soon scatters and destroys all poison-vapours. But civilized men do not dwell always in the open air. The wind sometimes makes them feel cold, so they build themselves houses to shut out the wind. To-night, before you go to bed in your small sleeping room, you will close the windows and the door; and you will think, when you have done so, that you have shut out everything which could harm you, with the cold. But what will you say to me if I show you that after you have closed the windows and the door, POISON-VAPOURS ARE BRED IN GREAT QUANTITIES IN THE ROOM WHERE YOU ARE LYING? and that so long as you remain in it, they keep gathering more and more strength, and

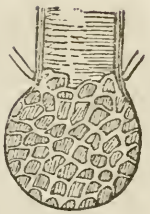
becoming more and more dangerous. Just come back with me to the cottage, and let us look at the room in which you were sleeping last night. The beds, you believe, are not yet made—never mind that. I often go into rooms under such circumstances, and perhaps upon this occasion it may be even better for the purpose I have in view, if I find the chamber in disorder. At any rate let us go upstairs and take our chance.

Sure enough you have been at great pains here to keep the cold from getting in. There is only one casement in this low small room, and that casement has not been unbarred since yesterday. I do not need to be told this. I make the discovery myself; for you have also kept something from getting out, which had better have been away. I feel at once this is not the same kind of air which we were breathing just now in the open garden. Indeed, I cannot remain in the room without opening the window. There; I throw open the casement, and in a few minutes the air will be as fresh here as it is outside of the house.

Now what do you think it was that made the air of this room so unpleasant? It was the poison-vapour with which it was laden, and which had steamed out of your body mixed with your breath during the night. POISON-VAPOURS ARE BRED IN THE BODIES AND IN THE BLOOD OF ALL LIVING ANIMALS, just as they are in manure-heaps. All the working organs of your frame being exhausted by use, undergo decay and are turned into vapour, and that vapour, being

bred of decay, is *poison-vapour*, which must be got rid of out of the body as quickly as it is formed. Living bodies are worn away into vapour by working just as mill-stones are worn away into dust by grinding. You would see them waste under work, if it were not that they are repaired by food. You wonder, then, that as this vapour is poisonous, living creatures do not destroy themselves by the poison they form in their blood? Occasionally human creatures do so destroy themselves, as I shall presently show you. But the merciful Designer of the animal frame has furnished a means by which, in a general way, the poison is removed as fast as it is formed. Can you not guess what this means is?

God employs the same plan for driving away poison-vapours from the inside of living animal bodies, that He uses for the purification of the air in the open country. He causes a current of air to circulate through them. Notice how, while we are talking together, our chests heave up and down. You know this is what we term breathing. Now, when we breathe, we first make the insides of our chests larger by drawing their walls and floors further asunder. Then we make them smaller by drawing their walls and floors once more nearer together. When the chest is made larger, fresh air rushes in through the mouth and wind-pipe, and through the twig-like branches of this pipe, untils it fills a quantity of little



round chambers which form the ends of those branches. Look at this picture. It is a representation of one of these chambers, greatly magnified, in order that its character may be readily seen. The wind-pipe branches out into several millions of fine twig-like tubes, and then each tube ends in a blind extremity, or chamber exactly like this.

Do you observe that the air-chamber in the picture is covered by a sort of net-work, stretched tightly over it? That net-work is formed of blood-vessels, through which the blood is constantly streaming, driven on by the action of the heart. This blood sucks air from the air-chambers into itself, and carries that air onwards to all parts of the living frame. But the blood-streams in the net-work of vessels also steam out into the air-chambers poison-vapours, which are then driven out through the windpipe and the mouth. Thus the breath which goes into the mouth is *fresh* air; but the breath which comes out of the mouth is *foul* air. Air is spoiled, and, as it were, converted to poison, by being breathed; but the body is purified by the breathing, because it is the poison-vapours that are carried away, mingled with the spoiled air.

This, then, is why men breathe. BREATHING IS THE BLOWING OF A FRESH WIND THROUGH THE LIVING BODY FOR THE CLEANSING AWAY OF ITS IMPURITIES. The purifying part of the air which is breathed actually circulates with the blood through all parts of the frame.

EXERCISE QUICKENS AND EXALTS THE CLEANSING POWERS OF THE BREATHING—and this why it is of such great importance to the health. When you go and take a brisk walk in the open air, you increase the force of the internal breeze. The exertion makes your chest expand to a larger size, so that it can admit more fresh air, and it also causes your blood-streams to course along more rapidly, so that a greater abundance of the air is carried on through your frame.

A very large quantity of fresh air is spoiled and rendered foul by the act of breathing. You, yourself, spoil not less than a gallon every minute. IN EIGHT HOURS' BREATHING A FULL-GROWN MAN SPOILS AS MUCH FRESH AIR AS SEVENTEEN THREE-BUSHEL SACKS COULD HOLD! If you were shut up in a room seven feet broad, seven feet long, and seven feet high, the door and windows fitting so tightly that no air could pass through, you would die, poisoned by your own breath in a very few hours; in twenty-four hours you would have spoiled all the air contained in the room, and have converted it into poison, provided you could have lived therein so long.

One hundred years ago the English were allowed by the Great Mogul or Emperor of India, to build warehouses and dwellings in certain parts of his Empire. One of these mercantile settlements or factories, as they were called, was planted on the banks of a large river just where Calcutta, the capital city of Bengal, now stands.

In the year 1756, the Nabob, or tributary king of the province of Bengal, died, and was succeeded by a very young man, who bore the outlandish looking title of Surajah Dowlah. The young barbarian cast a covetous eye on the neighbouring British factory, and one summer day attacked the place suddenly with a large army. The small party of English who were in the factory, despairing of their ability to effect any successful defence, tried to make their escape to some ships which were lying the river.

Several of the fugitives reached the vessels in safety. But in the confusion of the flight, 146 individuals fell into the hands of the victorious Nabob. These, his officers thrust for the night into a small cell, which was used as the prison of the fortress, and was known under the dismal name of the Black Hole of Calcutta. This cell had but two small square holes for windows, and was only 18 feet long and 14 feet wide, so that the last person of the 146 had to be crushed in upon the rest with violence, as the door was closed and locked. The anguish of the crowded captives soon became so great, in this vile hole, that the neighbourhood resounded with the noise of their struggles and cries. As the night wore on, these sounds, however, gradually sunk into silence. When the morning came, and the door of the prison was opened, the reason of this silence became sadly apparent. In the place of the 146 prisoners who were shut up on the previous day, they took out 123 corpses, and 23 mise-

rable beings, who looked more like ghastly spectres than men, and who could hardly be said to be alive. This occurrence furnished one remarkable instance of the deadly power of the poison-vapours which are poured out from the inside of living beings. Now I will tell you about another case of a similar kind.

A few years ago, a vessel started from Cork in Ireland, to take a large number of emigrants to a ship just about to sail from Liverpool. A violent storm sprung up in the night, as the vessel was crossing the Irish Channel, and the captain, fearing that the alarmed passengers would interfere with the sailors, and render it difficult to work the ship, sent them all below into the hold, and covered them closely down with the hatches. The imprisoned passengers soon found that they were suffocating, and called and knocked loudly for help, but their cries either were unheard or disregarded. In the morning the hatches were removed, and to the horror of the captain and his crew, the hold was found half full of dead bodies and dying people, instead of containing living men and women. Such are the fearful consequences which follow, when human beings are forced to breathe the same air over and over again.

You are very much shocked, both at the savage cruelty of the Indian tyrant, and at the carelessness and ignorance of the Irish captain. But what will you think of yourself if I now show that you do, in a small degree, every night, what they did on so

large a scale? What was it that caused the closeness of this room before we opened the window? It was the presence of precisely the same kind of poison, as that which killed the prisoners at Calcutta, and the passengers in the hold of the ship. That poison did not destroy you in a single night, only because it had not gathered in sufficient strength to do so. Your room was not more than half as large as the Black Hole of Calcutta, but there were only two of you shut up in it instead of one hundred and forty-six. The air of your room was merely hurtful instead of being deadly. But the fact still remains. WHEN YOU ROSE IN THE MORNING, THAT AIR WAS NOT FIT FOR A HUMAN CREATURE TO BREATHE.

When you rise to-morrow morning, just go out of doors for five minutes, and observe carefully the freshness of the air. That air is in the state in which God keeps it for breathing. Then come back suddenly into your close room, and your own senses will at once make you feel how very far the air of your chamber is from being in the same wholesome and serviceable condition.

This is one way, then, in which people produce derangement in their bodies, and cause their works, or organs, to get choked up and clogged. They are not careful always to keep fresh air immediately around them. They suffocate themselves slowly; taking, perhaps, a long time to complete their task, but, nevertheless, accomplishing it none the less

surely. Individuals who dwell in crowded towns, and, therefore, have to live by day as well as by night in close impure apartments, go down to their graves, even before they have reached their prime; and their thin pale faces, dull sunk eyes, and languid movements, tell they are doing so, with painful clearness. It is well known that people who dwell in towns and work in close rooms, as a rule, die seventeen years earlier than men who dwell in the country, and work in the fields by day.

Country folks escape this *severe penalty*, because even when they half smother themselves by night, the thoroughly fresh air in which they spend the day goes a great way towards the correction of the mischief. Still they are by no means free from *all penalty*. You yourself have suffered from breathing bad air. Do you remember last autumn, when I came to see you sick in bed with the fever? Do you recollect how your limbs ached, and your skin burned then, and how you tossed restlessly from side to side, without being able to sleep, your mouth and tongue being brown and parched with a dryness which water could not moisten? You could not raise your head from the pillow; and once when I asked you how you felt, you answered me by telling me something about the corn stacks and the last harvest, being quite unconscious of what you were saying. What do you think was the matter with you then? Your body and blood were full of poison-vapour. And what do

you think had made them so? Why fresh air had not done its work of purification as it ought. You had been breathing a great deal of impure air, and were paying the penalty for having done so. If you could have seen the prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta an hour or two before they died, you would have found them exactly in the same state.

The term "fever" is taken from a Latin word which signifies "to burn." THE SKIN AND THE BODY FEEL BURNING HOT IN FEVER, BECAUSE IMPURE POISONOUS BLOOD IS FLOWING EVERYWHERE THROUGH THEIR VESSELS, in the place of pure blood, and the blood is poisonous because it has not been freed from its poison-vapours as fast as they have been bred in, or communicated to, its streams. In the worst forms of fever the blood gets so impure that it steams out, through the breath, vapours which are able to produce the same kind of disease in other people, and which are, under these circumstances, termed INFECTION. The infectious poison-vapours of fever get so strong when they are received into close rooms, and are not allowed to be blown away, that they often kill persons who breathe them in that state, very quickly.

But you now want me to explain how all the mischief, which results from breathing foul air, may be prevented. Come down with me into the garden, and creatures that you believe to be of far inferior powers to yourself shall give you a lesson.

You keep bees. Here is a hive, I see, crowded with

the busy insects. By the numbers that I observe clustering about the low arched door, and bustling out and in so incessantly, I learn that the industrious little fellows must be very closely packed together in their straw house. There must be many thousands of them dwelling together in a space that cannot, at the most, equal more than a couple of square feet; and there is not a single window in the straw wall; no opening of any kind but the low, and half-choked entrance. Really if those bees need to breathe, you who have furnished them with their dwelling must be nearly as bad as the cruel Nabob, who shut up his prisoners in the Indian Black Hole!

Those bees certainly do need to breathe every bit as much as men and women; and what is more, they manage to breathe ten times better than you do at night. Nothwithstanding all the crowding there is within their close dwelling, the air never gets there into the poisonous state in which the air of your sleeping room is by the morning. The bees take care that it shall not do so. Just bend down your ear and listen near the hive for a minute. Do you hear that incessant low humming? That is the bees hard at work, making an artificial wind. It is the sound of a couple of score of broad, stiff fans, flapping to and fro with great rapidity. Look, I drop this piece of light thistle-down near the door of the hive, and you see it is at once blown away from it by a steady draught. If you could see through the straw walls,

you would discern twenty little sturdy fellows holding on to the floor of the hive with their feet, just within the door, and flapping their wings backwards and forwards without a moment's pause. Now and then one or two tired insects drop out from the line of the fanners, but their places are immediately filled by fresh recruits, who lay hold of the floor and fall vigorously to work with their wings. This is the appointed band of air-purifiers, plying their business for the good of the entire community, and wafting a fresh breeze continuously through the hive. The bees take it by turns to carry on this necessary labour, and some of them are always at it. The humming caused by the rapid vibrations of their fans, scarcely ever ceases. It has been ascertained that air taken from the inside of a crowded hive, is quite as pure as the fresh air that floats in the open space around; so perfectly do these little earnest workmen accomplish their purifying task.

The industrious bees, then, are an example to mankind. IF PEOPLE DWELL IN CLOSE ROOMS, THEY MUST CAUSE AN ARTIFICIAL BREEZE OF FRESH AIR TO BLOW THROUGH THEM. Having shut out the great wind, that it may not chill too much by its uncontrollable currents, they must introduce such a little wind as they can keep thoroughly under control, but which nevertheless is sufficient to perform the office of purification as far as it is required. This process of causing an artificial wind to

blow through the inside of a dwelling is called *ventilation*, from a Latin word which signifies "to blow" or fan with the wind.

In very hot climates where dwellings need to be ventilated for the sake of coolness, as well as for purification, men follow precisely the example set by the bees. They hang up broad and stiff canvass fans, which they call *punkas*, near the ceiling, and cause these to flap backwards and forwards constantly, by pulling them to and fro with ropes. In more temperate climates, it is rarely found necessary to take all this trouble, for the air readily makes currents of its own accord inside of rooms, if only allowed to do so. All that is necessary is the furnishing a free passage into the room, and a free passage out, and it will then make a clear march through. One opening will not do, when fans are not kept going, because then the entering and departing air would meet face to face and obstruct each other. THERE MUST BE "IN" AND "OUT" DOORS, just as one sees in much frequented offices and banks, in great towns.

A very effectual plan for securing the ventilation of a dwelling room—consists in carrying a pipe of perforated zinc across the house, from outside wall to outside wall, just beneath the ceiling, allowing the ends to pass through the walls quite into the open air; then whichever end of the pipe chances to be most towards the quarter of the heavens from which

the wind is blowing, should be closed with a plug, a free passage being left for the escape of the heated air through the opposite end. A number of holes should also be made through the door, near its bottom, until altogether they afford as much room to passing air as the inside bore of the zinc pipe. If you cannot manage to fix such a zinc pipe across the ceiling, why take out one or two of the panes of the window, and put into their place, plates of what is called *perforated zinc* (zinc plates pierced full of holes), such as you may buy for a trifle at any ironmongers. That is the next best thing you can do.

As soon as some arrangement of this kind has been completed, you will find that the air begins to move gently through the room, cold fresh air coming in through the holes in the door, and warm impure air being pressed out before it through the perforated zinc tubes or plates. This takes place partly because the external wind rushes, in its hasty way, against the openings through which the air is intended to enter, and forces itself in; but also, and more particularly, because the inside air gets warmer than the outside, and is then compelled to shift its quarters on that account.

The air contained inside of inhabited rooms gets warmed by the bodies and breaths of the persons living there. THEN IT IS LIGHTER, BULK FOR BULK, THAN THE COLDER AIR OUTSIDE, for warmth stretches and lightens every thing. But as heavy things fall or

press down to the earth more strongly than light ones, THE COLD AIR ALWAYS SQUEEZES INTO THE ROOM THROUGH THE LOWER OPENINGS, and pushes the warm impure air out before it, through the upper ones.

When you light a fire in your room during cold weather, it makes a quick and strong draught through the room, for the same reason. Fires, indeed, are among the most powerful ventilators that can be brought into play. Let your fire out, and go on sitting in the room with two or three of your neighbours, and you will find the air of the room will be close and foul in half-an-hour, although it was quite fresh before. While the fire is burning, the chimney takes upon itself the office of the holes in the zinc tube or zinc plate fixed in the window, and the heated air of the room is pushed up through it by the fresh cold air which rushes in through all other openings and crevices. It is only in rooms where no fires are burning—as for instance, in your sleeping room—that holes through the walls and windows can serve as *outlets* for impure air.

But if you live with several companions, in small rooms, as some workpeople are compelled to do by their occupation, those rooms cannot get properly ventilated, even although fires are burning. Some of the poison-vapours, poured out from your living bodies with the breath, are so light that they are at once driven up to the top of the room, and collect

there gradually, spreading lower and lower as they become more abundant. They cannot get out through holes made in the walls or windows, because, as we have seen, the fire causes streams of cold air to press in there.

A plan, however, has been contrived to ensure perfect ventilation even in small and crowded rooms, provided fires be burning.—This plan consists in making an opening into the inside of the chimney, near to the ceiling, and fixing a balanced valve in it in such a way that the valve-plate is opened by outward draughts, but immediately closed by inward ones. Then the impure vapours lurking near the ceiling, are continually being swept away, into the current of the chimney, through this valve.

You are sure you have no money to spare to buy valves, and zinc tubes and plates, or to pay to workmen for making holes in your walls, and in your doors and windows. I admit that properly these trifling things should be done at the expense of the landlord to whom the house belongs. It should be as much his duty to make a house fit to live in, so far as due ventilation is concerned, as it is to keep it dry by covering it with a roof of tiles or slate. As landlords, however, are commonly themselves ignorant about these matters, you must learn to look to the affair for yourself. You will be the sufferer if the right thing be not done, therefore it is alike your interest and your duty to see that it is done.

Suppose then that you have a hard landlord who will do nothing for you, and that you are so poor you cannot spare a shilling or two for the purchase of metal tubes or plates. Then I will tell you what I would do, if I were in your shoes. I would borrow a large gimblet of the carpenter, and I would bore a row of holes through the upper part of the window frame in my bed-room, just above the glass, sloping them downwards a little, so that the rain may not be able to run in; next I would never quite shut the door of the chamber, and I would bore other holes through the frames of the windows down stairs, to act as channels of inlet. A few rough pegs of wood would serve to close some of the holes, if at any time too much air entered the room in consequence of a strong wind blowing outside. This is what I would do, rather than I would submit to be *poisoned* at night, because I was poor.

A single round hole, a little more than half an inch across, would allow as much air to pass through it as would be sufficient to supply the breathing of one person, provided the air were driven along by the movements of a fan, or by other mechanical contrivance, with the force of a very gentle breeze. Generally, however, it does not move so fast as as this through rooms, when only caused to do so by the great pressure of external colder air. It is, therefore, better that the ventilating openings, both for inlet and departure,

should altogether make up much more than a hole half an inch across.

IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO HAVE TOO MUCH FRESH AIR IN A ROOM, provided only an uncomfortable and chilling draught is not allowed to blow upon the body of the inhabitant. You may easily prevent any discomfort or mischief from draught, even where a great abundance of air is admitted, by hanging a curtain to catch it and turn it aside. You will find, however, that there is very little chance of any troublesome draught when no fire is burning in the room, to make the air rush in with increased power, for it is fires, as you will remember, which cause quick and strong currents.

THE WARMER AND STILLER THE EXTERNAL AIR IS, THE MORE DIFFICULT IT BECOMES TO SECURE FREE VENTILATION THROUGH THE INSIDE OF ROOMS. In the calm hot nights of summer, the windows of sleeping rooms should on this account be left partly open all night long. It is better to breathe air moistened with night dew than it is to breathe air laden with poison-vapours.

But if it be important when people are well that they should have an abundance of fresh air moving through their dwellings, it is of FAR GREATER CONSEQUENCE THAT THERE SHALL BE A THOROUGH VENTILATION KEPT UP IN ROOMS WHERE THERE IS SICKNESS. In all kinds of fevers the blood is overloaded with poison-vapours, and these cannot get out

of the body unless they are blown away by pure air. The sick person cannot be freed from the poison-vapours that are clogging up his vital organs until fresh air is supplied abundantly. Do you remember what it was that first made you better, when you had the fever last year? Can you not recal to mind how all the doors and windows of your room were kept constantly open, and how angry I was whenever I came to your chamber and found them fast closed? Have you forgotten how delicious the fresh air felt to your parched and poisoned frame, and what luxury there was in the clean linen when supplied to your body and to the bed, and in the cold water when it was sponged over your skin?

If ever you are called upon to attend a neighbour or a relation who has to suffer from infectious fever, as you then did, be sure you furnish to that sick person the same comfort and alleviation which were provided for yourself. Let this be your

Plan for Nursing the Sick.—Open wide the doors and windows of the chamber. Keep the body of the patient and the room very clean. Change the linen both of the person and the bed very often. Allow only the very simplest kinds of foods and drink to be given, and that in small quantities at a time. Prevent all noise and confusion around the bed. There are very few persons indeed who will not recover speedily from attacks of even the worst kinds

of fever, if this simple and prudent plan of treatment is steadily pursued.

The poison-vapours of fever and other infectious diseases are very deadly when in their greatest strength, but remain so for a very short time when left to the influences and operations of nature. They cannot bear the presence of fresh air. If they are mixed with a great abundance of it as they come out of the mouths of sick people, they directly cease to be dangerous poisons. ALL THAT IS NECESSARY TO PREVENT INFECTIOUS FEVERS FROM BEING COMMUNICATED FROM PERSON TO PERSON, BY MEANS OF THE BREATH, IS TO TAKE CARE THAT FRESH AIR IS CONTINUALLY PASSING THROUGH THE SICK ROOM. Attendants and visitors may remain with perfect safety in rooms where even the worst kinds of fever are prevailing, if they keep all the doors and windows of the chamber open, and are careful not to catch the breath of the patients until it has passed through some two yards of space, where there is perfectly pure air.

Such then is the "WORTH OF FRESH AIR." It keeps the body healthy and strong. It blows away and destroys the invisible and dangerous poisons which are steamed forth from putrid and decaying matters, and which are to the delicate organs of the living frame, much worse than dust and dirt are to clock-work. In disease it is nature's chief remedy;—the best medicine of the best Physician, furnished

gratis, because He is full of bounty, as well as of great skill. Never let it any longer be a reproach to you, that you ungraciously turn away such a precious gift and priceless boon from your doors. Rather fling wide your windows, as well as your doors, and welcome it to your heart. Go TO THE BEE, CONSIDER ITS WAYS AND BE WISE!

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Starting in Life:

A

SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIFT BOOK,

ADDRESSED TO

AN ELDER BOY.

"Learn to do well."

New York:
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY,
5 Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue,

No. 294. 1866. 32 pp.

THE STARTING IN LIFE.

My Dear Lad,

As you have reached the age at which most young folks begin to work for their living, you will not wonder that your teachers should feel more than ever anxious about you.

We cannot help that feeling. We know that you will become more familiar with a world which has been truly said to be full of snares. Yes—*full* of snares; especially snares for a young lad—such as *you*.

You cannot be surprised, then, that we wish once more to put you upon your guard; and that we are very desirous to offer you some advice; advice which, if followed, will ensure you a happy mind—the respect of all good men—the advancement of

your true interests in this world—and a welcome reception into that of which we have often sung—

"O how happy we shall be,
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on His throne."

You will not deny that in asking you to attend to what we may have to say, we are asking for that to which we have a good claim. For all the instruction we have given you, we have charged you nothing! and as you are well known to have been a scholar in *our* school, and can, by your future conduct, bring honour or disgrace upon it—you must at once admit that gratitude and good sense demand from you that which we now ask—your serious attention.

We are very anxious that you should *start well;* because, if you do this, you will be likely to *go on well.* Many young men have thought they would take their fill of what they have called "pleasure"—however sinful—then stop, and turn over a new leaf. Do you not see how foolish this is? It is well for you to see it *now*, for thousands have seen it when it has been too late! Nothing can be more certain than that the further a man goes on in sin, the harder it is for him to stop. What, then, ought a *young* man to do, but—*at*

once to treat sin as his enemy; for such—whatever he may sometimes think to the contrary—it really is.

Now, the advice you will receive in this little book, is such as your conscience will approve. Be candid, then, whilst you read it. If it tells you something you do not like, don't lay it aside, but ask if what is said be *true*, and if you feel that you *must* answer "yes," you will then know what you *ought* to do.

We do not forget that whilst you have many duties to discharge in this world, as a WORKING LAD you have a living to seek in it; and as we want to do you *all* the good that we can, we wish to advise you how to proceed, so as to secure to yourself whatever real earthly advantages may be within your reach. Yes, we want to give you advice for both worlds; if we did not, we should have written about one or the other; but, as we have said, we want to do you *all* the good that we can, and therefore, we shall speak to you respecting the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. You will, therefore, we trust, feel the more convinced that we have your true interest at heart.

Earnestly, then, do we hope that you will show

the valuable influence of a Sunday-school education, by practically attending to the following advice of your teachers.

SEIZE EVERY OPPORTUNITY OF IMPROVING YOUR MIND.

Without this, you will never make way in the world; never "go-a-head," as the Americans say. A man's mind is given to him to use for his good; many folks appear to disbelieve this, and let their mind run to waste. If you have any wish to be useful to yourself and to others, *take care* of your mind. Use it as you would a plot of ground that belonged to you, not leaving it to itself, but putting into it all the good things you can get, and rooting out all that is hurtful or useless.

If you do not do this with your mind, it would have been better if God had never blessed you with it; but he has, and given plenty for it to do.

Do not fall into the common mistake of supposing that when you have left the day school your education has been completed. The instruction you received there is only intended to furnish you with the means of educating yourself in after life, and the lad who makes the best use of those means will become the best educated man.

You can read; do not neglect the advantages which this ability gives you. Employ your spare moments in reading, but take care *what* you read. Bad books are like bad company, sure to do a young man harm, and to unfit him for good society. Take some useful weekly or monthly publication; but do not confine your reading to periodicals. Carefully peruse books of sterling value, that you may thoroughly master the subjects of which they treat. Never meddle with trashy tales, which can do you no good, but plenty of harm.

Read nothing but what you believe *will* do you good, and real good. What advantages you have in comparison with those your fathers possessed in their youth! Do not neglect them. There are books in abundance—profitable and cheap; do your part in using them. For a lad who can read, to live as if he could not read, is as stupid an act as for a man who can see, to keep his eyes shut.

But do not be satisfied with mere reading; *think* of what you read, and how you can best apply it to your good; above all, recollect that God has given you a book to read, which, if you have any regard to your eternal good, you will

make your constant companion throughout your life.

We have a word or two to say to you about *writing*. Many a lad has lost a good situation because of his not being able to write a good plain hand. If obliged to leave school before you can do this, lose no time in improving yourself; for if you do, it is more than probable that at some time or other you will deeply regret it.

But do not forget that good writing cannot help you much without correct *spelling*. Many lads do forget this, and have to suffer the consequences. If, therefore, you feel your deficiency, strive hard to remove it. You will find that a dictionary, which you can now purchase for little money, will render you good service.

Try also to extend your knowledge of *arithmetic*. Whatever you may have learned will be of no use to you, and further progress will qualify you for situations of responsibility and trust.

And it will be well for you, if you have not had the opportunity of attaining a knowledge of *grammar*, to do something in the way of acquiring it; for the ability to speak and write our own language correctly, is, in the present day, an advantage worth a little labour to secure. A

careful use of your leisure hours will accomplish this.

Thomas Kelly, the son of a poor farmer, in Chelsham, was, on account of his parents' poverty, taken from school before he was twelve years of age, when he could only read and write imperfectly, and put out to work; yet so diligently did he apply his spare time to improving his education, that he obtained good situations in business, became one of the largest publishers of useful books, and ultimately was chosen Lord Mayor of London.

BE CAREFUL AS TO WHO ARE YOUR COMPANIONS.

That is a good old saying—"Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are;" for, as "Birds of a feather always flock together," so do men who love bad habits delight in the company of those who love them too.

Now, it is far easier to keep from bad companions than to leave them after you have once associated with them. If you find any one anxious to scrape an acquaintance with you whose character is known to be bad, just show him that you would rather be alone than seen with him. Many a lad who has bid fair to grow up a respectable man, has been wholly

ruined by mixing with evil companions. The habits which some lads contract of resorting to public-houses, and frittering away their golden hours in smoking and drinking, have in thousands of instances, laid the foundation of a disgraceful life, a wretched death, and a miserable eternity. Let their fate be a warning to *you;* and lead you to choose associates of a different character.

There is one habit which you must form at the very outset of life, if you would have it an easy matter to be free from bad company; it is this—*dare to act differently to other folks when you know that they are doing wrong.* Let this become a habit, and you will find it no trouble to repel the advice and influence of the evil-disposed. It may appear awkward to do it at first, but when done once or twice, it *is* done, and done for good; and then, the consciousness of having done *right*—why it is worth far more than the approval of thousands who have no love for that which *is* right.

One word more on this point. If you have any wish to secure the esteem of men whose influence is such as to render them capable of occasionally helping a young man on in life, you must never

once be seen with such characters as we have described. No! if you would not only respect yourself, but have the respect of others, you must shun the very presence of those who, having no regard for their own character, would soon make havoc with yours.

TO WHATEVER OCCUPATION YOU MAY BE CALLED AS A MEANS OF OBTAINING A LIVELIHOOD, DETERMINE TO UNDERSTAND IT WELL, AND TO WORK HEARTILY AT IT.

There are many reasons why you should do this. Your lot may be cast among that class which comprises the multitudes of mankind, and which is known as "the *labouring* class;" therefore, for you to live, you must work, and we do not suppose that you wish to live without. If you do, as it is a wish not likely to be realized, the sooner you give it up the better, and let resolute industry take its place.

Now, if you look upon your employment as mere drudgery—as something which, whilst it *must* be done, may be done anyhow—depend upon it, a mere drudge you will always be. There are two classes of young working men: those who labour without thought and without energy, and

those who throw both thought and energy into their labour. The first do their best to keep themselves down; the others do their best to raise themselves: and both, in the end, will just reap that which they have sown.

You have heard and perhaps read of George Stephenson, the great Railway Engineer. Now it was the determination to understand everything about the work he had to do when a lad, that made him so eminent a man. It was by well studying the various parts of a steam engine, which he had sometimes to take to pieces for cleaning, that at sixteen years of age he had the same wages as his father, and it was by the knowledge he acquired through the exercise of this resolute spirit, that he was enabled to go on step by step to the high position of the first engineer in the world. What an example for young working lads! Whenever you see a railway train, remember that the man whose talent and energy brought our great railway system into operation, and whom even kings were anxious to consult, was once a poor boy, glad to keep cows for twopence a day.

Now, though it is quite true that you cannot reasonably expect to become a George Stephenson,

yet by shewing the same determination *now* as he did when a boy, you may do a great deal to place *yourself* high as a man. Why, you have got the start of Stephenson in one respect, for at your age he could neither read nor write!

You may, perhaps, say, "But my occupation is such that no thought is needed—there is nothing particular to understand." You are much mistaken. Why, a plain country lad, whose duties are only those of a shepherd's boy, has much in his way that may be made both useful and instructive to him. Let him strive to know all about sheep, study them well, their habits, their food, their structure, their use. Let him understand something of these, and he will find his labour far more agreeable, his mind far more improved, and that he is far more valued by his employer than if he merely watched and fed his charge day by day. Never let country lads fancy that there is nothing in their various occupations which can help to make them intelligent, whilst they till the earth, gather its fruits, and take charge of the creatures which God has given for the service of man.

You have, perhaps, read of James Ferguson, who, whilst he was a shepherd boy, gained a

large amount of useful knowledge, and afterwards became one of the greatest astronomers of his day. King George the Third, when a lad, used to attend his lectures. Think of a shepherd boy teaching astronomy to a King! The same monarch once received a letter from the government of Tigré, in Abyssinia, and there was but one person in the kingdom who could translate it, and he also had been a shepherd boy; that person was Dr. Alexander Murray, who had mastered several languages. His father taught him the alphabet by marking it upon an old wool-card, with the black end of a burnt leather stem! William Milne, the missionary, who helped to translate the Bible into the Chinese language, was another shepherd lad. And we could tell you of many other men who have risen to useful eminence, who were once only poor country boys.

If you live in a town, and are getting a living by one of the many means which such a place affords, determine to understand thoroughly every thing connected with your employment. Make good use of your time for your own sake, for each minute cannot be of more importance to your employer than it is to you. He may reap *now* of your industry, but the knowledge and

habits that industry will bring will be yours to turn to account through *life*. If engaged in a factory or large workshop in one of our principal towns, you may have the advantage of coming in contact with many intelligent and well-informed men, from whom you may learn much.

We have given you instances of poor country lads having risen to high positions of usefulness, and we will now give some of town boys, who have in many respects left a noble example for you to follow.

William Hutton was born in Derby, and when only six years old was apprenticed in a silk mill, the youngest of three hundred persons employed there. At the expiration of his apprenticeship, finding there was no work to be procured at his trade, he learned stocking weaving; and being again disappointed in obtaining employment, learned bookbinding, and then became a bookseller. He now obtained the reward of his persevering industry, and ultimately became, first, overseer, and then magistrate of the parish in which he once wandered without food or bed. We could tell much more of him, but would rather let him, at the age of fourscore, speak for himself; this is what he says :—

"Suppose a man endeavours after health, and his endeavours are blessed with such success, that, by a proper use of his animal powers, he can, at fourscore, walk thirty miles a day. Suppose him, by assiduity and temperance, to have obtained a complete independence, so that he can reside in a house to his wish, with a garden for use and amusement, is blessed with a son and daughter of the most affectionate kind, who attentively watched his little wants with a view to supply them; add, as an appendage to this little family, a pair of old and faithful horses, who are strangers to the lash, and whose value increases with their years.—Still add, to a taste for reading, the benefits arising from a library of choice authors. Would you pronounce this a *happy man?* That man is myself. Though my morning was lowering, my evening is all sunshine."

And this was the poor little boy, who from six to thirteen years of age had to work from five in the morning till seven at night in a silk mill, and then, after this great sacrifice, could not find employment in the trade he had so dearly learned!

We might give many such instances for your encouragement, quite as marvellous, but equally as truthful.

The celebrated Professor Farraday, the greatest living philosopher, was the son of a poor blacksmith, and till he was twenty-two years of age, worked at his trade as a bookbinder. David Livingstone, the celebrated missionary traveller, was a piecer-boy in a cotton-mill. Mr. W. S. Lindsay, now a member of Parliament, and one of the greatest shipowners in the world, had, at fourteen years of age, to make his way as a poor orphan; so poor that he was glad to work his passage from Glasgow to Liverpool, by trimming the coal on board the steamer. The late Mr. Joseph Brotherton, member of Parliament for Salford, underwent great hardship and fatigue as a poor factory boy in a cotton mill. Another gentleman, also a member of the House of Commons, Mr. W. J. Fox, has been heard to commence an allusion to past times by saying, "When I was working as a weaver-boy in Norwich."

Surely these facts must convince you that even poor working lads, may, by industry and perseverance, make their way in the world. All cannot, indeed, be great men, but all can raise themselves, if they rightly use the opportunities afforded them.

Let your conduct ever be such as to ensure the

approval of the wise and good—resolve to learn everything that can be of service to you—let "quickly and well" be the mark at which you aim in relation to every matter of business with which you are entrusted, and never forget, that upon your diligence in youth, will depend your success as a man.

ACCUSTOM YOURSELF TO ACT KINDLY AND COURTEOUSLY TO EVERY ONE.

By doing this, you will gain many friends, and thus make your path through life far easier than that of those who appear almost to make it their aim to be hated or pitied by all who know them. Be slow to resent an injury, for you will never blame yourself for having shown that you are unwilling to quarrel. Let the Saviour's golden rule be yours, "As ye would that men should do unto you, so do ye unto them," for it is the best you can possibly follow.

Be respectful to those above you, if you wish to be respected by them. Prompt and willing attention will not only gain you their notice, but their esteem. The difference on the point of obedience between two lads is often very striking; both *will* obey, but whilst on the part of one there is a heartiness in the obedi-

ence, and an evident wish to please, there is shown by the other such an absence of all care about pleasing, that no one can wonder if the former gains and the latter loses in the estimation of those to whom that obedience is due. You well know that only one of these is likely to rise in the world by the help of others, and it is your interest, as well as your duty, to imitate that one; moreover, you hardly need to be told that the most obedient boy is likely to be the best ruler of others when he comes to be a man.

To those whom you may happen to think beneath you, never use coarse or harsh language; for although you may thus cause yourself to be feared, you will never be respected by them.

It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to caution you against the low and vulgar habit of *swearing*. It is a practice as stupid as it is sinful; you know that no boy could ever say that it did him any good, whilst thousands have been compelled to own that it has done them harm.

Do not be surprised if we urge you to act as a *gentleman* in every thing. There is a great mistake made by some folks as to the use of the word "gentleman," for they think that to be a gentleman a man

must be rich. Now, there are many men who, if they were ever so rich, would *never* be gentlemen, their manners are so coarse and so rough; whilst there are others, who, if they were ever so poor, would *always* be gentlemen, their manners are so respectful and so kind. Do not fancy that it lies in dress, for *that* cannot make a gentleman, although it can make a fop. One man's coat may have cost three pounds, and another's may not have cost fifteen shillings; but the cheap coat may cover the best gentleman of the two. It is what a man *says* and what he *does* that must decide whether he be a gentleman or not; and if you act upon the advice we have given, you will be one.

The following interesting fact, recently related by a clergyman, well illustrates the truth of our remarks upon this subject:—

"Soon after I was settled in the ministry, I was appointed a member of the school-committee of the place. In my frequent visits to one of the schools, I took notice of a boy whose clothing was very coarse, and showed many patches, but still was clean and neat throughout. His habits were remarkably quiet and orderly, and his manners very correct.

His disposition was evidently generous and kind, and his temper mild and cheerful, as he mingled with his schoolmates at play, or joined their company on the road. When last I saw him in his native place, he was on his way to school. His appearance still bespoke the condition of his poor widowed mother, and his hat was but a poor protection against either sun or rain; but, as I passed him, he lifted it with an easy but respectful action, a pleasant smile, *and a cheerful Good morning, Sir!*' which, unconsciously to himself, made the noble boy a perfect model of genuine good manners. His bow, his smile, and his words, all came straight from his true, kind heart. When next I saw him, thirty years had passed, and I was on a visit to a distant city. The boy had become a *distinguished judge and statesman;* but his bow, and his smile, and his kind greeting, were just the same as those of the barefoot boy with his shocking bad hat."

CAREFULLY AVOID ALL EXTRAVAGANT HABITS.

You may think that such advice is unnecessary, for you have not much to be extravagant with. You may not have, but for all that, you *can* be extravagant, and are extravagant, if you spend a penny when you do not need to spend it. In this matter of econ-

omy, like every thing else, by beginning right, you will keep right. The boy who squanders his halfpence would, whatever he may think to the contrary, squander sovereigns, if he had them. There is a vast amount of real extravagance among working people, although it is certain that they can the least afford to be extravagant. It is by early habits of carefulness that you may escape from the consequences which always follow extravagant habits.

Some young lads, when they begin to have a little money of their own, will seek after pleasure in a manner that would lead us to think that they did not, for a moment, suppose that they could ever want that money. We do not wish you to give up all idea of amusements. Sunday school festivities have shewn that it is quite possible to be "merry and wise;" and occasional recreation is as beneficial to the mind as it is to the body. But too many get into the habit of visiting public-houses, and thus throw away their money and their character at the same time; for, depend upon it, you cannot frequent such places without injuring both your pocket and reputation. We would advise you, as soon as you can afford it, to join some useful benefit society which does not hold its

meetings at a public-house; for as sickness will, in all probability, at some time befall you, it is your duty, when in health, to make such provision for it as will keep you from being dependent upon the charity of others; a duty, which every lad of a truly independent spirit, will not be slow to recognize.

Determine to possess a character for honesty.

It is possible that more than once in your life you may be tempted to break the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal!" Many lads, alas, have not withstood that temptation, and are now reaping the sad fruit of their folly. If there be one sin more likely than another to *find a young man out*, it is that of dishonesty. One act of theft only suffices to satisfy present desires; apparent success leads to a repetition of the crime, till some time or other detection follows, and the character is lost! We say *lost*, for rarely indeed does a lad recover it after he has once been detected in thieving.

The temptation, then, in whatever form it presents itself, must be firmly resisted, and it will soon lose its power. Remember that it is not the amount which makes a thief; whether an article worth a

pound or a penny be taken to which you have *no right*, you are alike dishonest. If you think you are free from all possibility of detection, recollect that if you yielded you could not deceive God. Nor would conscience be easy; you would have to upbraid yourself whenever you heard of the detection of others; and if you escaped their fate, you could not avoid the tribunal of Him who gave the commandment you had dared to break.

Let your conduct be such as to keep you from even the *suspicion* of making use of the property of others. There are lads who are always under that suspicion; they contract expensive habits—associate with suspected characters—and seem to be continually bent upon pleasure-seeking, at any cost. You, perhaps, shrink at the very thought of *your* ever becoming a thief! avoid, then, those habits which have made others dishonest, whose character was once as blameless as your own.

CULTIVATE A STRICT REGARD FOR TRUTH.

This is a duty you owe to God, to whom "lying lips are an abomination," and the strict discharge of that duty is necessary if you would render yourself worthy of the confidence of your fellow-creatures. A

boy once detected in an untruth, will often be unjustly suspected; so true is it, that "integrity and uprightness" will alone preserve you.

The temptation to tell a falsehood is often very strong—often very trying to a lad. The advantage to be gained will sometimes appear so evident that it will require firmness indeed not to *make* the lie. We don't want to conceal this, but will only remind you, that however much you may deceive others, you cannot deceive God. Besides, there is a meanness in taking refuge under a falsehood, of which none but a real coward will be guilty.

Tell the truth, then, even to your own injury; and the fact that you will dare to injure yourself rather than be guilty of a falsehood, will not fail to ensure you the respect of those who have no particular regard for the truth themselves. If you would not lie for your own convenience, refuse to do it for the convenience of others, and they will honour you in the end. The following fact so strikingly proves this, that we introduce it for your perusal; it is the experience of a Bristol gentleman, who mentions it in some valuable "Advice to Apprentices."

"On one occasion an order had been received

by my employers which was countermanded in a post or two afterwards; the second partner in the firm came to me with a persuasive smile, and said, 'Mr. ——, reply to this letter, and say that the goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanding the order.' 'I cannot, Sir,' was my reply. 'And why not, Sir?' was asked with angry hastiness. 'Because the goods are now in the porter's yard, and it would therefore be a lie on my part, Sir.' 'I hope you will always be so particular,' he remarked, turning on his heel, and leaving me. From that time I had more frequently intricate and confidential matters entrusted to me. When I left I received a present of a sum of money, and my successor was received by my recommendation."

Now, this was the only natural consequence of paying regard to truth. Men, if they tell falsehoods themselves, cannot but honour those who are above such deception. Do you think that the employers of this young man would have had any more esteem for him had he shewn his willingness to tell a falsehood? No, depend upon it, a love of the truth is not only pleasing to God, but it will always command the approval of men.

IF YOUR PARENTS ARE LIVING, DO YOUR UTMOST TO PROMOTE THEIR HAPPINESS AND COMFORT.

This is no slight matter whatever some lads and young men may think of it. The manner in which too many of them speak of their parents, and to them, would indicate that they must be as wanting in good sense as they are in gratitude.

Now, if there is a young man who ought to be despised by all right-thinking persons, it is he who, forgetting or caring nothing for the anxieties which his parents have have experienced on his account, will dare to hurt their feelings by rough language or cold neglect. You need only to be reminded of your helpless condition in infancy to convince you of what you owe to them; but their anxiety respecting you has increased with your growth. They naturally feel a deep interest in your welfare. If you have cause for joy, they rejoice with you; if for sorrow, no sympathy is so genuine as theirs. Why, then, should they be treated as if they cared nothing about you? Many a lad who has been a heavy burden upon the industry of his parents, has afterwards lived as if they were not living, although he might easily have shown them many little kindnesses which would have been prized far above their cost. We would entreat

YOU, as a lad who has been taught to *honour* his parents, never to follow so discreditable a course.

RECOLLECT THAT YOUR PROGRESS IN LIFE MUST DEPEND UPON YOUR OWN EXERTION.

This is too often forgotten by young men; many appear as if they lived upon the hope that something might "turn up" to their advantage, when they ought to be striving to *make* something turn up. They would sooner hang upon others than trust to their own exertions. Now, such young men will never get on, nor ought they. The man who, being able, is not willing to *work* for his living, is unworthy the gift of life. We would strongly advise you, whilst you avail yourself of all the help and influence you can honourably secure, to remember that valuable as that help and influence may be, it is upon your own exertion that your future position will mainly depend. Resolve, that with God's blessing, that position shall not be a mean one, and you will add another to the many proofs that persevering industry fails not to meet its reward.

Having pointed out the way for you to attain *earthly* good, you will expect that before we have done, we shall say a word or two upon the still more important subject of your *eternal* good.

You know the question that Jesus put—"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and you well know that it would be a most wretched bargain.

What, then, is our advice upon this matter?—it is soon given.

SEEK GOD'S BLESSING AND LIVE TO HIS SERVICE.

What do we mean by this? Not merely attending at church or chapel, for a bad man may do that; but, honouring the great Being who gave you your life, by dedicating that life to Him. Remember, that as you have broken His commandments, you require His mercy; and consequently must seek that mercy if you would avoid the effects of His anger. You have been taught that only in Christ Jesus can that mercy be obtained. If you have not yet sought it, seek it *at once;* for how will YOU—*a Sunday scholar!*—stand in His presence, if you have *never* sought it.

Think very seriously for a moment! It is now for you to settle whether the God in whose holy law you have been instructed, and whose power has no limit, shall or shall not be your *Friend.* (O what will it be *not* to have Him a Friend?) Whether the world in which He has placed you shall be the better or the

worse for your living in it. Whether the termination of your short life here is to be followed by an eternity of joy or sorrow. You do not want to be told what kind of a decision about these things will be the best for you to make. You *know* that.

Do not entertain the idea that you can secure God's favour without giving him your whole heart. Many persons make this serious mistake. They think that the bare performance of certain acts which their consciences will tell them are right, is sufficient to ensure them the approbation and even the love of God. But what is His language to you? "My son, give me thine *heart!*" It is, you see, the HEART that God asks. He will be satisfied with nothing less; and, you may depend upon it, you will never be truly satisfied yourself till you *have* given him your heart. When this is done, you will feel that you are under the guardianship of Almighty power, and *therefore* all things will work together for your good—that you will be guided by *unerring* counsel—that whatever may befall you will happen with the permission of your heavenly Father and your best Friend.

It is only by living to God's service that you can know what it is to be truly happy; for living as His

servant *is* to be happy. Happy, because you will feel assured that He is your Friend—happy, because you will not fear to think on death—happy, because you will feel that whatever may be your earthly blessings, eternity will surpass them all, and that whatever may be your sorrows, you are on your way to a world where they can never be known—happy, because you will feel that in serving GOD, you are doing that which your consciences will tell you is RIGHT.

Forget not that one proof of love to God is shown in acts of kindness and mercy to your fellow-creatures, nor that if you would live to His glory, you must day by day pray for the help of His Holy Spirit to enable you to do so.

One word of caution! Do not let the conviction that it is *your* duty to be what is called "religious" be at all altered by the conduct of some persons who profess to be so, and disgrace their profession. Their inconsistency will not excuse you from the obligation under which you rest to obey God's law. Besides, as wisdom's "ways are ways of *pleasantness*, and all her paths are peace," it would be foolish for you to suffer yourself to be deprived of such happiness, because men are to be found in the world who pretend to enjoy it

and really do not. If you should ever possess a purse of sovereigns, you would not value them the less because you might happen to know that there were a number of bad ones in circulation; and it would be just as unwise for you to be indifferent to God's truth, because there happen to be some sham professors of it.

But it is not only your duty to serve God yourself, you must try to persuade others to do so. We would remind you of one place where his claims have oftentimes been pressed upon your attention, and seriously ask you, whether you ought not only to acknowledge those claims yourself, but to urge them upon others. The opportunity of doing so is afforded you. The SUNDAY SCHOOL has been a benefit to *you;* do you help to make it so to others. You know that it has done you good to be there; help, then, to do good to others, and thus show your gratitude for what you have been taught.

And now, dear lad, we must conclude. Earnestly do we pray that God may bless to you these few words of advice; that He may favour you with His guidance throughout your whole life, and that when your time of toil shall have ended, He may welcome you to the rest which is promised to His servants.

Series of Practical Tracts.
No. 3.

HOW TO RISE

IN

THE WORLD,

TO

RESPECTABILITY, INDEPENDENCE, AND USEFULNESS.

New York:
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY,
5 Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue,

No. 291. 1866. 32 pp.

HOW TO RISE IN THE WORLD.

There was in the town in which I was "raised," a very clever mechanic, who answered to the name of John Scott, a good, plain, old-fashioned name. John was a plain man in his way, and a knight of the plane. He had "risen" from the situation of journeyman to the independent position of working for himself, and being, as he called it "his own master." He had a small workshop, in a little obscure court, near the market-place, just large enough to contain his bench and glue-pot, his saws, centre-bits, chisels, hammers, and other tools. An old shutter swung from the ceiling at the back part of the shop, suspended by some curious contrivance; and upon this and below it, was thrown, in the most studied confusion such a medley of old boards, frame-work, mitre boards, legs of tables, squares, oblongs, and other odd cut stuff, as absolutely to puzzle the eye; but this was not all—below this temporary shelf, and indeed all over the back part of John's shop, a great variety of the most nondescript articles were huddled together. There was wood-work, and lathe-work, and canvas-

work, and stretchers, and springs, and whalebone, and curious hinges, and funny complications of rack-work and wheel-work, which led me to believe, as was in reality the case, that "John Scott" was a genius.

And so he was, and he had in consequence of his ingenuity obtained the name of " Mechanical Jack." No one gets a nickname without in some way deserving it; John obtained his by the common consent of all who knew him, and was looked upon as a kind of oracle. He had invented a curious mouse-trap, by which a mouse was led to follow his nose through various winding stairs, till he came upon some clock-work which ringing a bell, capsized the intruder, and effectually drowned him in a small reservoir. But the crowning excellence of John's genius was his near approach to the discovery of the "*perpetual motion*," which he kept a secret; and to the equally wonderful feat of "*squaring the circle*," which he thought he had discovered.

I frequently went to John's little shop, to ask his advice on small mechanical matters, and one day looking at his complicated tackle and gear I ventured to say, " What new machine are you about to construct now, John? Something there," said I, pointing with my finger to the " swinging shutter," " looks very suspicious."

" Aye, sir," John replied, " you shall see when the time comes. There *is an idea there* that will enable me to 'rise in the world.' If I can only get a patent

for it, my fortune is made. It will cause quite a change in the whole of our locomotive system; railways will be used only for heavy goods, and a few heavy passengers, such as your sixteen or eighteen-stone people. Coaches and cabs will become extinct. This is a flying machine, and when patented, will enable one to go where one likes without trouble—no enquiry about when the train starts, no horrible explosions, no dreadful smashings, no running off lines, or dashing into one another. Nothing but up and away—safety, swiftness, and economy combined."

There was great excitement in John's manner as he uttered this rhapsody; his face glowed and he was becoming enthusiastic, but I was more than ever inclined to be sober and serious, and so I exclaimed, 'Well, my friend, there is nothing like '*rising in the world.*' This should be every man's study. It is every one's duty to advance himself upwards and onwards. It is not, however, every one that has the mechanical genius that you have; but still I have known some who have made themselves wings, with which they rose to all that is valuable both in time and eternity."

Jack looked at me very stedfastly, and said, "What kind of wings may they be, sir?"

"Not such wings, my friend," I replied, "as those you have invented for your 'rising,' which I have my doubts of your accomplishing. The true way to rise in the world is upon the wings of industry and integrity. He who balances himself upon these, and who

has the mainspring of religion within him, will rise not only in the world, but above the world; nay, even into heavenly regions, if he pursues his course faithfully.

The righteous path—the straightforward path—these are the paths to follow if we would rise. It is a curious fact in the history of human effort, that the great mind-kings of the earth, have risen from low estate. If we look at the birth-places of such people, we shall find them to be cottages, huts, or hovels; few indeed are born in marble halls or palaces. We find too, upon examination, that these great ornaments to our race not only came from the "lower classes," but most of them had to educate themselves, and to contend with all the difficulties and dangers of poverty. Our Divine Lord was, in His humanity, no exception to this rule. He was, as we are told, a carpenter's son, born in a stable, and He performed his Heavenly mission on earth without a place to lay His head, and among the sneers and scorn and persecution of His fellow-men. Let Him ever be our first and great example.

Yet there are others that we may use as examples in our earthly course—men whose minds light the dark and intricate vista before us, and whose "trials and triumphs" have made the roughest road a pleasing one. From their struggles we may skim as it were the cream of wisdom, and following in their wake, we may expect to realize the highest object

of our desires, the triumph over material nature, the subjugation of self, and the victory over the world.

"Thank God," and I say it with the most profound reverence, He is no respecter of persons—and to the mean and low in this world's estimation is often given the far-seeing eye that lives a generation before its time, the soul-light that illuminates futurity, and lays a foundation for the greatness of comimg ages. To the poorest and meanest of us something is given, not to be laid by in a napkin, but to be put out to use and action. Let us then first consider our responsibility to God, and then our duty towards man, and then our duty towards our ourselves; and having done this, let us use our best endeavors to "rise in the world" to honor, to fame, to wealth and respectability.

Nothing is more striking and interesting than the history of those benefactors to the human race, who have made great discoveries, or carried out useful inventions. If we refer to their origin, as I have already hinted, their struggles with poverty, their patience under suffering, their heroic endurance, their steady perseverance, and their triumph over the worst of difficulties, we shall be filled with astonishment and admiration; and hundreds of such men might be held up as examples for worthy men of all ranks in life to follow. But my object is rather to show what working-men may do in the humble walks and every-day duties of life, and how they may always rise in their own sphere, and be as useful, honored, and respected *in it*, as they would be if they rose *above it*, by some

great discovery or useful invention. It is not for every man to invent a steam-engine or a spinning-jenny, to demonstrate the laws of the universe with a Newton, to weigh the earth in a balance with a Cavendish, to discover a new world with a Columbus, or to penetrate into the mysteries of our inmost thoughts with a Locke. A man may be great, and truly great too, without being a genius, and truly wise without being a professed philosopher, and although the fame of his name may not flash out to distant countries or to future ages, yet his truthfulness, his honesty, his faithfulness, and integrity, will surround the little circle of his efforts with a burning and a shining light; and a trail of glory, such as the sun sometimes leaves behind him at its setting, will follow him to the grave, and help to perform his obsequies.

My business then is with the man who would be a light and an example in a humble way—with the hard-working, poverty-buffetting, mind-improving mechanic. It is to him, the common plodder, the honest worker, that I would speak—to the man who does his duty at the forge, the bench, the plough, or the mill; men who would like to rise in the world, but who do not know what rising in the world means, nor the art of rising; and to such would I say a few words about the true objects of life, of the compass they should steer by, the rocks and shoals they should avoid, and the haven of rest to which they should direct their course.

We are created for eternal mansions, and our true

home is beyond the skies; but we are destined to live *here*, on this visible, tangible, and gross earth, and to make our way in it. Ours is a physical as well as a spiritual life, and we must act in accordance with the physical laws, and with the laws made to keep society together, and men from killing and devouring each other, which they would do if they had no laws to govern them.

It needs but a very little experience to find out that the principles which carry a man onwards in his path, are those of good sound sense, good common sense, ideas of right and wrong, the law of *meum et teum*, of mine and thine, and a love of truth. Some, however, do not find this out in the great experience of a whole life; and so, instead of "rising in the world," and in the estimation of good people, and of setting an example to their fellow-men, they settle down, down, down, like a stone, sluggishly to the bottom of life's abyss, and nothing is left to tell of their whereabouts.

How to get an honest livelihood—how to get along in the world—how to rise in it—how to rise above it. These are the questions that ought to interest us, my friends. Depend upon it, we shall not get along by the exercise of low cunning or trickery, by overreaching, by undermining, or by a sly craftiness. He who thinks that the great ends and aims of life are to be attained by working in the dark, or by hobbling along through crooked ways and purblind alleys, will be mistaken. There is nothing like plain common sailing, and the doing of things above-board.

There is nothing like sincerity; and truth will stand against the world.

One of the greatest drawbacks to a working-man's success is often a *want of civility* or a *want of manners.* Civility is, my friends, a duty we owe to ourselves as well as others. I don't believe many can get on without it. I have heard of some bears, it is true, who have succeeded in their profession, or in making money without it, and have raised themselves into fame; but I never knew a man who ever rose in the estimation of the world, or who improved his own or others' social position by being bearish or boorish; therefore I would say to working-men especially, be *civil and obliging*, be *courteous and polite.* These qualities cost *nothing*, but they bring in a *great deal.*

So much for civility; but a man cannot rise in the world by civility alone. *Industry* is the great lever that will elevate him. Civility may be the fulcrum, I know; but industry, *industry*—a love of work, a *love* of work—this must be the motive power. When God put Adam and Eve into the garden of Eden in Paradise, He gave them something to do. And even now, that which was pronounced as a "curse upon man" that he should "eat bread in the sweat of his brow," is a blessing. I believe that sometimes the greatest misfortune that can happen to a man, is to be born with what is called a "*silver spoon in his mouth;*" that is, with a fortune prepared for him beforehand. A man must be born with the highest order of qualities and faculties, to enable him to sup-

port what involves such a heavy responsibility. To be born to exertion, labour, and industry, may be the salvation both of soul and body; and whether we work with the mind, or with the hands, we are in the happiest condition when work we must.

Some artizans are asleep when they work; they hardly think of what they are doing, and are content with going on in the old "*jog-trot*" sort of way. They are not the men to rise; on the other hand, some mechanics will take the trouble to reflect as they go on, taking notice of new combinations in science, or in art, or of the action of things upon each other. Those who do this are not mere plodders, but artizans in the true sense of the word, and it is ten to one but they will stumble upon some undiscovered truth, some useful invention, or some improvement in their business, that will amply repay them for keeping a look-out. Science is everywhere, philosophy is everywhere, art is everywhere, and especially do they live in the workshop.

But working-men will say, "I have nothing to do with science, not I—nor with art either; what is the good of my bothering my head about a lot of things I can never understand, when I have to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow? My work is plain and straightforward, and those get on the best who do not trouble their heads with any scientific gim-crackery." No! no! this sort of man would rather sit sulkily still when all is advancing around him, and live the life of a savage in the midst of the highest

civilization; and he would make his industry a barren industry to himself, with the exception of his pittance of wages, and so doze along in a hum-drum sort of way, without learning a single thing beyond the daily routine of his trade, without any reliance upon himself, without any faith in the future, and sometimes without any thought even for the morrow.

An intelligent industry is therefore what we must make use of if we would rise; a stupid industry is of no use. We must have an industry with the eyes and ears open, a wide-awake industry, an industry of thought and life. It is to such an industry that we look for the gradual amelioration of the condition of the working-man, of his realization of every comfort in his domestic economy, in his house, his clothes, and his food; and I may go further and say, for it concerns the working-man, that it is to such a thoughtful industry that we look forward, under God's blessing, with faith and hope, to the development of the high destinies of this great nation, and through her for the peace and true civilization of mankind.

"It is uphill work, this rising," you remark. So it is, and so much the better. "A poor man has so many drawbacks," you say, "so much to annoy and worry him, so much to perplex and bother him." "So much the greater scope for his perseverance," say I. And if there be any condition of human life in which perseverance is necessary, it is that of a journeyman mechanic. The Duke of Wellington said, and said with truth, "that in this country any man who

had a love of work in him, and a spirit of perseverance, and kept himself sober, could get on; some, of course, better than others, but all could get on." You say "it is uphill work," so much the better; it is the road through rocks and precipices, the way through entangled mazes, or arid deserts, that develop the highest of human energies. Don't be disheartened at every rebuff; don't be cast down by every little drawback; don't be thrown off your pivot by every shock that flesh is heir to. If you take any subject up, whether it be the making of home comfortable, or the raising of yourself above poverty, or the working out of some invention, suffer nothing on earth to make you let go the plough. There are few persons that succeed at once; and the history of all human invention is only the history of failure after failure, but of success at last. We learn more wisdom from failure than we do from success; just as a man who losing his way tramps it on foot, often knows more of the country he passes through, than the man who travels by rail. The best educated men are those who have roughed it the most. 'Tis the rough north seas and the cold dark winter nights, and the fierce northern blasts, that make our sailors the first in the world. Therefore courage, my friends, courage with a cheerful as well as a brave heart, and patience, (you can't get on without patience) it is a noble virtue. Wait for the gradual development of your plan or for your rise in life. The sudden leap does sometimes occur by a lucky

hit, as it is called, and a man becomes elevated at once; but how many break their necks in the fall! No! no! believe me, as there is no royal road to geometry, so there is no prescribed path of ease for your self-advancement. Industry and perseverance, patience and hope, these carry a man on, these are the wings upon which he can both fly and soar; and the lives of all great and good men teach us that it is to these qualities that they attribute all their success. I am certain that mental, moral, and spiritual worth, grow best on a hard soil. The mighty will of an earnest man breaks the flintiest clod in it. The chrysalis is bound up as it were in its cerement of death, but it bursts it way out and rejoices in the sunshine. The acorn is cast carelessly about in the wilderness, yet on the wildest soil it can find nourishment and become an oak. All woodmen will tell you, that rich and luxurious ground is the ruin of your oak, and that the harder and rougher the soil, the closer and more even-textured is your timber. So with the spirits of men, they become bolder and stronger and harder by having to struggle with difficulty. If I wanted a man full of courage, of truth, of action, of determination, and integrity, I should not look for him among carpeted saloons or down beds, but on the straw pallet, the hard bench, or the busy workshop, among the sparks of the anvil, or the dust of saw, or the clang and clatter of machinery.

But there is an adjunct in work of whatever kind we may do, which ought not to be overlooked, and

without which all the energy in the world will be a poor thing. I said, man has to live *here*, in this *lower world*. The stuff his life is made of is *time*. It is a wonderful fact, in the motion of the planetary bodies, that they keep exact time in their motions, and that in their vast orbits or paths round the sun, consisting of many millions of miles, each comes to its exact place true to the hundred-thousandth part of a moment of time. This is *punctuality*, and this is the life of the universe; for if time were not exactly kept by the planets in their motions, there soon would be a terrible confusion among the celestial bodies. So, in the things of this life, time and punctuality are everything to us. If a man be not punctual, he is not worth having. Punctuality is the soul of industry. "Time and tide wait for no man." The man who gets too late for the train is always a subject for laughter, for he looks so very much like a goose. Too late for the post also is often a most serious misfortune. It is interesting to go to the General Post Office of a night, just before the mail closes, to see the late people hurrying in with their letters, some out of breath, some trembling, some ill-tempered, and all more or less distressed. It was not long ago that an old gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I had long noticed for his want of punctuality, lost his life. He was too late for the train. He rushed from his house as he saw the smoke of it over the trees, a quarter of a mile off. He was a fat man, short and thick-necked, and he put on all his steam to get to the

station in time—he ran, he panted, he puffed, and he blowed, but to no purpose, for just as he reached the station door, the shrill whistle was heard, and down he dropped a corpse.

Wellington made it a rule never to employ an unpunctual man; and Washington was so convinced of the danger of an unpunctual officer, that he cashiered him in the face of his regiment; while Nelson said, "I owe all my success in life to being always five minutes before my time."

In a small way, in the every-day transactions of life, in our meals, in our outgoings and incomings, but especially in our labour, punctuality is indispensable. The man who goes late to his work, often disarranges a whole workshop; and the master, whether in a small way or a large way, who can't be depended on for punctuality, is sure to fail. A friend of mine, a very good and worthy clergyman, had to rebuild his rectory. Now there was a builder living in the town nearest to the rectory, who was said to be an honest and fair-charging man, and he was well known to be a religious man, and as such my friend was desirous of employing him. Knowing, however, that builders were sometimes not so punctual as they ought to be, he thought he would test Master Forsdyke before he engaged with him. So he sent a note to him, requiring his attendance at the rectory at nine o'clock. Forsdyke managed to get there at half-past nine; the rector was gone to the schools, and the builder had to go in search of him.

He, however, found the rector, who told him that all his time was apportioned out from day to day, that he could not enter into the matter then, but if he (the builder) would fix his *own time*, he would be ready to see him. The next day was fixed, at the same hour, and the builder was at the rectory *half an hour before the time.* Having thus to wait, he was invited into the kitchen, and sitting down, made himself very comfortable; but just as nine o'clock came, the man-servant was suddenly called out by a man who wished to speak with him, and the builder not having been announced to the rector at the time agreed on, the rector was off. In vain the builder followed him. He came up with him it is true, but his excuses and apologies were of no avail. It is often as inconvenient to be much before your time as it is to be behind it. It is true the servant was in fault this last time, but the want of punctuality at the first, occasioned all the trouble.

However self-evident the evils of a want of punctuality may appear, among little artizans, workmen, small carpenters, shoemakers, and the like, this fault is very common. Indeed, I have noticed with sorrow, that many of the working-classes think nothing whatever of breaking an engagement, after having promised you a coat, a pair of shoes, a set of harness, or some small article of family use within a given time. In all such breaches of faith, it is wonderful to think upon the readiness with which these "break-promisers" make excuses, and the sheer, palpable, naked lies they will tell, in the hopes of throwing dust into your

eyes. I have always found that a man good at excuses is good for very little else. And this fault is generally among those not very fond of speaking the truth.

I don't believe any man can get on in life as he ought to get on, without he is fond of speaking the truth; if he is not *fond* of doing so, he will rarely do it. Many persons find lying very convenient, and thousands who would feel a very proper horror of swearing profanely, would not hesitate to tell a lie in the way of trade. But lying is of all vices the lowest, the meanest, and the most contemptible; and a man, once known as a deceiver, and upon whose word or promise no dependence can be placed, must go wrong; nothing can save him. He may be frugal, he may be industrious, he may be persevering; but if he be a liar, good by to him. Don't tell me that a lie is nothing in the way of trade — truth is the very essence of trade; it is the life and soul of our mercantile greatness. In many countries deception is the staple of trade, and is the rule of it, and truth is the exception. When once these two change place, good bye to all our superiority by land or sea; farewell to our power as a people, to our glory as a state! farewell, a long farewell, to all our greatness! Let truth then be your pole-star, my friends, if you would rise. Truth is one of the highest attributes of the Divinity, and like the sunshine that comes from heaven, can reflect itself as well in the smallest dew-drop as in the largest ocean—in the meanest as well

as in the most exalted of our race; and the poor hard-working man, who has its bright beams upon his forehead, may lift up his head boldly in the palaces of kings.

Industry, perseverance, punctuality, and truthfulness then are the great "up-lifters;" but there are "down-pullers" we must avoid, or they will soon lay us sprawling in the mire. I have told you what my notion of industry is, and how essential it is for a man, not only to do work, but to *love* it. We never behave well to that we do not love; and to see a man at work who has not got his heart in it, is a sight the most deplorable. Such persons bear the name of *Dawdlers*, and a very good name it is for those persons who loiter, and linger about their work as if they had mittens on. "A cat can't catch mice in mittens," says the old proverb; and nothing is more certain than that your slow, dawdling man, will never get on in this world. Many men I know are born "poor tools," and they are all their lives loiterers in the way. A good deal of this slow work, I believe, arises from downright laziness, and is the result of habit. I have known fellows completely cured of it in three months on board a man-of-war—there are no "cats in mittens" there, no dawdling there I can tell you. Man is a bundle of habits, and it is an astonishing thing to find how soon habits either for good or evil get the mastery of us, and what poor, wretched, or wicked things, bad, lazy, or foolish habits will make us. He who gets into lazy habits is

sure to go to the wall. Satan tempts busy men, but idle or lazy men tempt him. "Dawdlers" are worse in some respects than lazy folks; you may know what to do with a lazy fellow, but a dawdler puzzles you sadly.

I remember two fellows being sent by a master carpenter, not long ago, to repair some of my palings, and to mend a small garden gate. The principal man was about thirty years of age, the boy perhaps sixteen. Well, I saw them coming along the street at about five-and-thirty minutes *past* six in the morning—their time was six or a quarter past; thus at least twenty minutes after their time they came dawdling along at a snail's pace, gaping about and lingering and loitering on the road. When they got on the premises, the man threw down his frail-basket, and was at least a quarter of an hour fumbling among his tools for something he had forgotten, the boy all the while lounging over the palings and whistling to the dickey birds. The man not having found what he wanted, scratched his head, and took it easy, and then spent another quarter of an hour in getting out certain nails and other matters from the bottom of his basket. At last, he took his hammer, and went knocking at the palings, tip tap, tip tap, tip tap, all the way along, and then he pulled here and there, and while doing so he lounged and stared and gaped about, and looked at his watch, and in short, tried to kill time by the most lingering sort of death. Then he told his boy to fetch his chisel; when he got that, he

sent him for his mallet; and when he got that, he looked at his watch again. It was only a few minutes to eight, and so after knocking at a few palings, this man and a boy, for whose united labor "half a day" was put down in my bill, went to their breakfast.

I had about thirty yards of fence to be repaired, and the small garden gate, as I before said; will you believe it when I tell you it took these two dawdling lazy loons a week to do it? and they had the impudence to ask me for beer. To see them lounge and lollop and saunter and creep, made my flesh crawl, and I got into such a nervous agitation, that I was forced to get out of the way. Their object was to do as little as they could, and to make their work spin out; if so, then it was a most dishonest practice, and and I did not wonder some time afterwards when I read their master's name in the Gazette as a bankrupt; for all the capital in the world could not stand against such conduct as this, and therefore the master carpenter went to the dogs, and most likely his man and boy went with him.

There are, no doubt, dawdlers from principle—that is, no principle—as well as dawdlers from habit. Of the first I can only say they are rogues; to the second I would say a few words more. The soul of business is despatch. Whatever we do, we should do it "with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our strength," as we are commanded to worship God.

If a man wants to rise, he must bestir himself, he

must move about briskly. I never knew a man good for anything who was not energetic in his work. I would rather labor to the tune of "Life let us cherish," than to that of the "Dead March in Saul." There is a story told of a tailor, who finding his men plying their needles at a very slow movement, owing to one of the workmen's perpetually humming a melancholy ditty, employed a fiddler to play lively tunes, which quickly put the needles in motion, and the work went on rapidly.

To rise in the world, we must rise with an effort and an energy and a spring; we must be brisk and busy, quiet and decided; no dawdling, lounging, or sauntering. One of the best pieces of workmanship is the making of efforts. He who is cast in a sluggish mould should break his way out of it, just as a chick breaks its way out of the egg. What would that little wretch do without energy? why, he would get addled; and so shall we all get addled if we don't strive. Be active, be vigilant, is the advice of the apostle, and do not forget that while Moses held up his hands in prayer as a *saint* upon the mountain, Joshua was at work like a *man* in the valley, laying about him on all sides with a bold and vigorous arm, destroying the Philistines, as it ours to destroy all the bad habits that stand in the way of our progress.

The man so striving, so wrestling, so bravely struggling with the difficulties of his position, must not expect to go on without meeting many rebuffs. He must be prepared for being pelted just in propor-

tion as he is succeeding in his endeavours with every kind of offensive missile; malignancy, detraction, lies, scandal, will be hurled at him. These attacks are often the best signs of a man's "rising." If a man cannot live down a lie or a detraction, he may as well not live at all. Keep straightly on in your course, you will triumph at last, and, like the sun rising above a fog, shine the brighter from the temporary obscuration. In all the histories of great men who have risen from obscurity, I have hardly found one who has not been the subject of base and malicious attacks, directed against his growing fame and character. Joseph Lancaster, to whom the world is indebted for striking the key-note of universal education, was denounced as an arch-fiend, whose object was to upset society, and to rend asunder all the ties of moral obligation. So also was the noble Clarkson opposed, maligned, and persecuted, and accused of every mean and despicable motive; but the freedom of millions from slavery, and the approbation of an enlightened conscience, followed him to the grave. The same wicked persecution and opposition attended the career of Jenner, the introducer of vaccination; and among many other ridiculous things it was stated on "authority" that children who had received the cow-pox grew up cow-faced, and that their voices became like those of bulls. The same persecution and misrepresentation followed the career of Galileo; of Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; of Columbus, the discoverer of America, and

of the great inventors or improvers of our own day. But I may go further and point to our blessed Saviour, He who undertook for us the high mission of salvation, and who came into the world to establish "Peace on earth and good-will towards men," was mocked, reviled, buffetted, scourged, and crucified.

Look not then, my friends, upon the opposition and malignant attacks of the wicked with a faint heart. *Truth is great and will prevail—Integrity is great and will prevail—Industry and perseverance are great and will prevail*—and in them are your sword of victory and helmet of defence. Let opposition stimulate you to greater efforts, to a firmer constancy, to a higher aim, to a stronger determination. Put your trust in God, pray to Him for help, lean on Him for support, look to Him for strength, and your efforts will not fail.

Aye this is all very well for you to preach, I think I hear some of my readers say. It is all very well to say "get on, get on" by your own efforts. But some can't get on, do what they will; as to rising bless you, sir, they can't get out of the ruts in the road. It is luck, sir, it is luck; if a man be born lucky, he is sure to thrive; for as the proverb says, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." Well, I do not know, my friends, but that in the various revolutions of fortune's wheel, it may sometimes turn up a prize; and you may call it lucky for a man to be born with a sound constitution and an intelligent mind. But most supposed cases of luck, so far as I

have investigated them, seem to me to have arisen from an application of right principles of science or morality, or from the exercise of plain common sense. One need only turn to the lives of men of mechanical genius to see how a little science, a little principle, or a little every-day knowledge applied to circumstances as they arose, brought them success. Good luck is next door to good sense; bad luck is next door to stupidity and laziness. The best kind of success in every man's life is not that which comes by accident, but that which comes by energy. But it often happens that accident opens the door, leaving common sense to step in. Fools cannot see the door is open, and wander about in purblind ignorance. This principle is well illustrated in the story of two adventurers who went abroad some years ago, one of whom, the lucky man, I knew very well. The persons to whom I allude were both working-men, their names William Giles, a shoemaker, and Thomas Cobb, a cooper; they had emigrated to the coast of Mexico in the speculation of a "company" which turned out a swindle, and the poor fellows were left at a small village on the sea coast, to do the best they could for themselves. Giles was, as he said himself, a unlucky man, and Cobb was said to be lucky. Now it so happened that Cobb, who must be active and was fond of his gun, went out to shoot among the mountains, and while at this sport he got a most unlucky tumble from a rock, by which he injured himself very severely. So dreadfully bruised was he

by his fall, that when Giles went to lift him up, he cried out, "Don't, don't touch me, I am not a man, but a jelly." This seemed to be a sad stroke of ill luck to be tumbled from one flinty rock to another for some sixty or seventy feet, and then to fall among iron boulders. But Cobb had his eyes open and his wits about him, although he was falling. Down, down, as he was going, he had a notion of rising. He noticed, as he uprooted a small tree which he laid hold of in his descent, something bright and glittering; and as soon as he had got the breath into his body again, and managed to consolidate his jelly a little, he clambered up to the place where he saw the glittering, and was somewhat astonished to see small oozings of quicksilver coming through the rock. He pointed out to the shoemaker the discovery, who could see nothing in it. Cobb could, however, and determined to make something of it, and told Giles that he should start for Mexico to see what he could do with it, at which the shoemaker laughed; "For," said he, "the mountain is not yours, and what is the good of meddling with other people's property." Cobb, however, was not to be convinced by this kind of logic, and determined to go to Mexico; while Giles was as resolutely determined to go back to his old country and "leather lapstones" with all his might and main.

Now Cobb had a great many thoughts passing in his mind, when he saw the quicksilver oozing through the rock; he went again and again to the spot after

Giles' departure; he satisfied himself at last that there was a mine of quicksilver, for he found the same metal sweating out in many places. Luckily—if you call it luck—Cobb knew a little of mineralogy, which he had picked up at a mechanics' institution, and he had learned some how or other that quicksilver was of great importance in silver smelting. He had learned also that within a very few leagues of the spot there were several silver mines shut up, from the difficulty of procuring quicksilver to work them, which had to be sent for from Europe, and which, owing to the war going on at that time in the South American States, was frequently captured. This knowledge suggested the value of the discovery. How he worked it would be a long tale; suffice it to say, Cobb, after great energy and perseverance, formed a Quicksilver Company, and became as rich as a Jew; and after he came back to England, never having married, he bequeathed twenty thousand pounds to the endowment of a hospital, while the poor shoemaker "lapped his lapstone."

This is what some people call luck, and thus it is that lucky fellows, when one searches close into their history, turn out to be fellows who walk, aye, and even tumble, with their eyes open. Their luck comes to them because they work for it. They keep themselves in the way of luck. They make the best of opportunities, and are always ready at a pinch; and when a man does this, it must be hard indeed if he

does not get on in the world; it must be strange if he does not rise in it.

I am sorry I can't say more to you on these matters, but I may at some other time. I have talked to you about the yeast of life in various ways, to show you how to rise, and especially have I urged upon you in this, as in other of my tracts, the advantage of economy. I am now going to recommend a great luxury to you. Ah, you shake your heads and say, "What can a poor man want with luxuries? the common necessaries are enough for us." I remember a story once told to me relating to this luxury. A young man had "outrun the constable," as it is called; that is to say, had spent a good deal more than his allowance, and went to his father for more. "Why, Jack," said the old gentleman, "you have got through a good deal of money, how do you get rid of it? do you keep a yacht? that's a pretty expensive affair, as every one knows." "No! no! father, something more expensive than that." "What, a pack of hounds?" "No! worse." "Box at the theatre and its accompaniments?" "Worse! worse! as a matter of expense." "What can it be," thought the old man, and he looked to his son for the exposition of some new and expensive vice. "What is it? out with it!" "Well," said the young man, "*I keep a conscience*, and this conscience teaches me to pay my bills when they come in, and also to give all I can to objects deserving of my bounty, and, to tell you the

truth, father, if I had twenty times your allowance, I could spend it all, and still be poor in pocket.

"You are rich in grace," said the old man delighted; "and rich you shall be in every power of doing good, so far as I can make you." And so is it with you, my friends, you may be poor in pocket, but God our heavenly Father will make you rich in grace, if you implore Him for His riches, and can give a good account of your stewardship. It may be a difficult, nay, an expensive thing to keep a conscience; but I never yet knew a man ruined or even hurt by it in a worldly point of view. Throw your conscience into your work. In the putting up of a few posts and rails, in the setting of a copper for a poor man, in the repairing of a coat, or the mending of a shoe, conscience may be put. And so in our humble walks "conscience tells us to let our religion fructify; and as we are the servants of Him "who went about doing good," not to let all our time be spent in "self-work," but to find some for "God's work," for the doing of good to our neighbours in small matters of help, in sickness, in peril, and in sorrow—in the Sunday school, in the visiting club, in the Temperance movement, in the tract distribution, in Scripture reading, praying, and teaching—are to be found our best luxuries—for nothing yet has equalled the luxury of doing good. Our blessed Saviour is our example—let us follow Him, let us walk with Him, and try to imitate Him in giving light to them that walk in darkness, in making the lame to walk, the blind to see

and the dumb to speak. In these our labors of love, will be our "true rising;" for in them we shall rise above all the darkness, mists, strife, and sin of this lower world. In them Christ is our resurrection and our life. On the wings of His love shall we ascend, through the sacrifice of His death, and by His Holy Spirit shed abroad in our hearts; and so let us rise with those whom our Lord raised from the dead, and with those just men made perfect, who shall, at the last day, rise to immortal life and to eternal mansions.

In conclusion, my friends, I sum up all I have to say in the following little poem.

THE BALLOON AND THE DIVING-BELL.

To say they "rise," some people move
In air balloons the clouds above,
Their upward course to show;
While others will their progress tell,
By plunging in a diving-bell
To ocean depths below.

The first, by their inflated power,
Have won amusement for the hour—
The mob's applauding breath:
While to the dashing aeronaut,
The rash experiment has brought
Danger, and sometimes death.

May not this difference be designed,
To teach this lesson to the mind,
To whom God's grace is given,
That those who humbly delve and dive,
May in their lowly station thrive,
And from it rise to heaven?

Series of Practical Tracts.
No. 1.

THE USE

OF

PURE WATER.

New York:
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY,
5 Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue,

No. 289. 1866. 30 pp.

THE USE OF PURE WATER.

Two centuries ago, London was a very large city, although nothing like so large as it is at present. Four hundred and fifty thousand people were then living in it, in tall houses, which were packed very closely together, so that they formed narrow streets.

But no pains were taken at this time to carry away the dirt and waste matter, that necessarily gathered where there was so vast a crowd of living beings. Some little of it was washed down into the river Thames, when it rained; but by far the greater part of it collected in heaps, and lay in all sorts of holes and corners, decaying and putrefying, and filling the air all round with poison-vapours, which no one could see, but which every one was forced to take into his mouth when he opened it. London was then one of the most crowded and dirty, as well as one of the largest cities in the world.

In the year 1665,—that is, nearly two hundred years ago,—a dreadful disease broke out all at once in this crowded and dirty city. People who caught this disease sometimes died in a moment, as if they had been killed by a blow; and hence it was called

"the Plague," a word taken from an old Greek term, that signified "to strike."

The Plague struck London so awfully in this sad year, that in a short summer a hundred thousand people, out of its four hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, died. At one period, a thousand perished every twenty-four hours! A single small parish buried six hundred dead in a week! On the worst night of the pestilence, four thousand human creatures who were living when the sun set, had ceased to breathe before it rose again!

All kinds of business stopped in the city. Most of the inhabitants fled into the open country, the rest shut themselves up in their houses. Carts used to go round every night to gather the dead bodies, and to take them to large holes dug in the ground to receive them. At last the dead bodies were so numerous that the men who went round for them with the carts, ceased to be able to keep an account of their numbers. It is known, however, that in two short months, fifty thousand bodies were buried in this miserable way.

Two hundred thousand people left their houses, and lived in the fields and forests. When these fugitives returned in the autumn, after the pestilence had ceased, and went to look for some of the friends whom they had left behind them, whole families proved to have been so completely swept away, that not a single person bearing their names could be found.

When the hundred thousand people died in London, in the year 1665, men fancied that God had visited

them with death as a punishment. Several individuals ran about the streets nearly naked, crying with a loud voice, "yet forty days and London shall be destroyed." One poor creature was seen rushing about everywhere, and calling out continually, with a voice and face full of horror, "Oh! the great and dreadful God."

These miserable beings, however, were wrong. They were crazy with fear, and uttered words of ignorance and falsehood, and not the words of truth. London was not destroyed in forty days, and the Great God was merciful, and not dreadful. He had sent them—not the plague, but the fresh air and the pure water, which would have prevented the pestilence, if these blessings had been allowed to do their cleansing and purifying work.

London has now more than five times as many people dwelling in its streets as it had then. There are now in it no less than twenty-one square miles of houses, packed as closely together as they can stand; and in these houses, two millions and a half of human creatures live.

But now, hundreds of miles of channels are cut out under the streets and houses, to carry off waste matters; and millions of gallons of pure water are brought into the houses every day, and poured down these channels. Nearly a tenth part as much pure water as flows down the Thames, is now running through the houses of London continuously, to wash away offensive and decaying substances, along pipes

laid down for the purpose. More than *twenty millions of gallons* of pure water are made to stream through the London houses, every day, by machinery provided for the purpose, besides probably half as much more which is drawn from the pumps and wells. The consequence of all this is that London, with its greatly increased crowd of living beings, and with its much larger production of waste and dirt, is now never visited by any disease so dreadful as that old Plague.

But since the plague never returns now to London, you think, perhaps, it is because the fearful disease has at length worn itself out, and not because London is better kept than it used to be. But how, then, will you account for this fact? There are cities at the present time, in Egypt and in Turkey, which are just in the same filthy and miserable state that London was in, two centuries ago; and in these the plague still breaks out almost every year, sweeping away hundreds of human beings at each visitation.

As recently as the year 1852, a severe disease broke out in a small town close to the outskirts of London, where sixteen thousand people lived; in a very short time, two thousand out of the sixteen thousand became ill, and seventy persons died. A very clever doctor was sent down from London to find out what was the cause of this illness, and he soon discovered that the channels, which ought to have carried away the waste and decaying matters from this town, were choked up, and could not perform their office.

When water was poured down into these channels,

it squeezed up out of them quantities of light and invisible poison-vapour, which had been formed in the channels from the decaying matter. This invisible poison, being forced out before the water, bubbled up back into the houses, and poisoned the air their inhabitants had to breathe. Even when the fresh rain that fell on the house-tops and in the streets, ran down into the channels, it too made the poison-vapour bubble back into the houses.

In a house, where there was a school, in this little town, a tall pipe was carried up from the channel for waste water, higher than the roof, and one of the teachers climbed up and put his face over the end of the pipe, to find if anything came out from it. He was at once seized with sickness, as if he had been blown upon by the breath of the Plague. But in this town, the clever and wise doctor did not let the people run about the streets, crazy with fear, and attributing the calamity to the anger of God. He showed them what was wrong, and set them to make wrong, right. He had the choked-up channels cleared out and put in order, and plenty of water poured down them to wash away the poisonous filth, and so only one person in every two hundred and thirty, died; instead of one in every five, as was the case in London at the time of the Plague.

The hundred thousand persons who were destroyed in the year of the great plague in London, were really as much *killed by dirt and ignorance*, as they were by the pestilence.

By severe lessons of this kind, men have been taught that when great crowds of living creatures dwell close together in cities and towns, pipes or channels must be made underground to carry away dirt and waste substances; and that those substances must be constantly driven out through such channels as fast as they are put into them, otherwise more poison-vapours will be poured forth in a narrow space than the fresh air will be able to master and destroy at once. The channels made under houses to receive and carry away dirt and waste, are called "*Sewers*" and "*Drains*."

Now, you, my friend, who live in a town, have a house where sewers or drains of some sort or other have been provided, to carry away decaying poisonous filth; accordingly you throw all waste matters into these drains, and think that is all you have to do, and that you have got rid of them as it was meant you should, and have put them quite beyond the power to do you harm. In this, however, you may be altogether in the wrong; too often you have done nothing of the kind.

Waste matter has no legs, or wheels; it can neither run nor roll away. It will fall *down*, so far as it can get, but it will not *move onwards*, unless driven, or forced to do so. You know very well that if you want a spadeful of earth, or cinders moved, you put a spade or shovel under it, and lift it up, and carry it away.

The waste matters that are put into the sewers and drains, must also be carried away through them;

otherwise having fallen into the drain-pipes, they will go as far down them as they can, and then will lie there choking up the passage, and preventing everything that is added from passing further that way. But you say, how are you to make them pass on if they choose to lie there so obstinately, after you have thrown them in? That is the point to which I want to bring you. There is really no difficulty in the case, if you only see the matter in the right light. Means have been provided, all ready to your hand, if you will but use them as it was meant you should, whereby you may drive away together the danger and the dirt.

The winds which blow over the face of the earth, to keep the air fresh, have had a very powerful helpmate appointed, to aid them in their cleansing labours. THE RAIN THAT IS POURED DOWN FROM THE SKY IS THE HELPMATE OF THE WINDS IN THEIR PURIFYING WORK.

When rain falls on the ground, it runs to the lowest places it can find, and makes little rills and rivulets, and so at last flows on into the wide basin of the sea. But as it does this it takes with it all the dirt and decaying matters that lie in its way.

When it rains, God in his mercy and love, is refreshing and cleansing the air and the ground. We most of us know this very well, but rarely indeed do we think how constant and wonderful the care is that He bestows, while performing this kind service in our behalf.

The quantity of cleansing rain that is poured down

upon the earth from the clouds, in the course of a single year, is so great, that we can hardly imagine how enormous it would seem if collected together. There are some facts, however, which will help to shew how surprisingly vast this quantity is.

All the rivers of the earth are fed by the rain. Rivers, indeed, are nothing but rain which has fallen upon high grounds, and which is hastening along in the channels and grooves which it has hollowed out, towards the great basin of the sea.

The largest river in England runs through London, and is called the Thames. The river is two hundred and twenty miles long, and drains away the rain from six thousand square miles of land. Now, if the river Thames emptied itself into a cistern, instead of into the sea, that cistern would need to have nearly six acres for its bottom, and to be as high as it was broad and long, only to be able to hold as much water as it would receive in twenty-four hours. More than two hundred solid acres of water roll down the Thames, into the sea, every day. Five solid miles of water pour through its channel in a year.

But this great Thames is, after all, nothing more than a little brook, when measured by the side of other rivers. There are one hundred rivers upon the earth larger than the Thames, and some of these very much larger indeed.

There is one river in America that is two thousand miles long, and that pours out into the sea every

twenty-four hours, more water than a cistern half a mile square and half a mile deep could hold.

Another still more mighty American river is nearly five thousand miles long, and pours out, into the sea, as much water in a single day, as the Thames does in a year. This grand old stream was known to the early inhabitants of the land, under the name of the "Father of Rivers."

The Father of Rivers itself, too, is in its turn, only a pigmy, when compared with another American stream which is yet more vast, and which pours out into the sea, through a mouth that is thirty miles wide, as much water in five hours as the Thames does in a year. Its fresh floods rush out into the salt sea, five hundred miles from the shore; and, sometimes, leap up against the opposing currents as a wall of water one hundred feet high, and with a roar that can be heard by sailors many miles away.

Besides these hundreds of great rivers that are always pouring their floods into the sea, day by day, and night by night, there are thousands upon thousands of smaller streams doing exactly the same thing.

If all the water which falls to the ground as rain, in England, in the course of a single year, lay where it fell, instead of flowing off as rivers into the sea, the dry land would be found to be covered up everywhere, to the depth of three feet.

If all the water which falls to the ground, in some parts of America, in the course of a single year, lay where

it fell it would cover the face of the land, at the end of that time, to the depth of twenty-two feet.

If all the water which falls as rain, in some parts of India, lay where it fell, it would cover the ground to the depth of twenty-four feet in a year.

Thus wonderfully vast is the supply of water God has furnished for the constant washing of the surface of the earth. Now, I would have you seriously ask yourself the question, whether it is at all likely that the Almighty, who has planned the world, and has made everything in it so perfect, has been at the pains to send this great quantity of water for no purpose. I am sure you will at once feel that such cannot be the case, and that pure water must be for some use that is as great as the supply;—that, indeed, like fresh air, it is one of the chief blessings which God has sent for the benefit of His creatures.

Like all the other blessings which God has given to man, water serves many purposes; but among these the one of cleansing away dangerous filth, is by far the most important. We have seen what has happened when water was prevented from doing its purifying work, where crowds of living beings dwell closely together. It would be of little consequence, that the mists and the rains should clothe the surface of the earth with grass and corn, if deadly plagues were constantly sweeping away the mouths that ought to be fed by the grain.

God, then, sends rain down, abundantly, upon the earth, to wash away decaying matters and dan-

gerous filth, just as He sends the sweeping wind to carry off and destroy the poison-vapours which are bred of decay; and it is only those covered places which man constructs for his dwellings, that are not thoroughly cleansed by the rain.

You, my friend, who choose to live under a roof, in order that you may preserve a dry skin and dry clothes, must however do, with regard to pure water precisely what you do with regard to the fresh air. You must bring in, artificially, as much as is required for purposes of cleanliness. God has taken care that the great purifier shall be so plentiful that no human being in civilized lands ever can have any reasonable ground of excuse to offer for not employing it. You say you live in a house which has had no provision made for bringing in a supply of pure water, and that you cannot afford to buy pipes, and have them laid down. But are there no pumps and wells anywhere near? Or, if there be none at a short distance, would it not be better that you should go, even a long distance, and be at the pains to fetch water thence, rather than live in filth, at the risk of attack from deadly disease.

Put the case in this way. Suppose that, some day, when you walked into your kitchen, or your bedroom, you found there a deadly viper rising up on its tail, and opening its horrible jaws, with its poisoned fangs ready to be plunged into your flesh: would you be content to sit down close by and leave it to perform its murderous work upon your body? Indeed, you

would not. You would start away from it, and snatch up the first stick, or poker, you could lay hands on, and you would fight bravely and boldly to destroy it, and get rid of the danger that was threatening you. And yet you are willing to sit down with a viper not a bit less deadly, that is lying in wait for your life; and that is all the more dangerous, because you cannot see it. This viper, if you leave it in occupation of your house, will steal from room to room, and glide up the stairs, and lurk round your pillow, and hide itself in your very bed. In the dark hours of the night, when you are helpless and fast asleep, it will bare its horrid fangs, and plunge them, perhaps, into *your* flesh; perhaps into that of those who are dearest to you; and in the morning, a parching tongue and a burning cheek, will show, too late, what has happened, and that the poison is festering in the blood. Yet how much less trouble you would have to take, to make yourself safe from the attacks of this insidious viper-like foul air, than you would so readily take to rid yourself of the less dangerous enemy that you could see! A few pails of water, brought from the nearest well, every day, and poured down the house-drains, until everything that was dangerous and bad was washed clean away, would effect all that is required.

Remember, then, that sewers cannot carry things away when they are choked up. SEWERS MUST BE KEPT OPEN AND CLEAN BY CONSTANT ATTENTION AND CARE, IF THEY ARE TO DO THE WORK FOR WHICH

THEY ARE INTENDED. If they are not kept open and clear, they do not perform their work, but become actually mischievous, instead of being of service.

Choked-up sewers are mischievous, instead of being serviceable—worse, actually than no sewers at all—for this reason; they act as reservoirs for large quantities of decaying substance, and also of poison-vapour, which is bred from these. Many persons who are quite incapable of allowing dirt and filth to lie about in their houses, nevertheless, live perfectly contented with a great amount of the same dangerous materials gathered together in pipes just beneath, simply because they cannot see them there. Choked-up sewers are, practically, so many holes dug into and beneath the floors, for the reception and accommodation of poison; and water-traps, at the entrance of the drain-pipes, afford no protection from the hurtful vapours that are generated in them, because water, being heavier than the vapours, drives them out of the pipes, when it runs in. The expelled vapours cannot get onwards, through the choked sewers, consequently, only one course is left to them. They must rush back into the house, bearing with it disease and death.

What would you, my friend, think of the prudence and wisdom of an acquaintance who dug snug little nests behind the skirting-boards, and beneath the floors of his house, and then filled these with vipers, which, having no possible means of getting away provided for them, must of necessity return inwards,

into the rooms of the dwelling, whenever they were induced to leave their nests! Now, this is precisely what people do, who place refuse substance in drains, that are choked up at their outlets. The bubbles which are, from time to time, driven back through the traps, are *poison-bubbles;* they are like venomous vipers stealing forth into the house, from underground nests, where they had been allowed to lurk.

There is a snake in hot countries which is of so deadly a nature, that it kills at once whomsoever it bites. This dangerous snake climbs among the branches of trees, and glides along under the grass, seeking stealthily for its prey; but God has placed some small pieces of loose gristle in its tail, which rattle together whenever it moves, and so give notice that the reptile is near. This deadly snake is thus heard when it cannot be seen, and at once avoided by all living creatures that know what its nature is.

Now, what the rattle in the tail of the rattlesnake is to the creatures that this snake preys upon, a bubbling sound issuing from trapped drain-pipes, or closets, upon water being poured into them, is to the inhabitants of the house; it is an indication of danger. A BUBBLING SOUND AT THE INNER EXTREMITIES OF DRAIN-PIPES, IS A SIGN THAT THOSE PIPES ARE CHOKED UP SOMEWHERE WITHIN, AND NEED TO BE IMMEDIATELY CLEARED. Never rest one minute, when you hear this warning sound, until you have traced the stealthy danger to its hiding-place, and driven it away.

Poison-vapours, however, have no warning rattles, unless when they enter dwelling-houses in this stealthy way, through trapped drain-pipes. But they nearly always carry about them another mark, which just as surely betrays their presence, if it be duly noticed.

Whenever you go near to a manure-heap, or an open cess-pool, do you not observe that an unpleasant smell arises from it? Often this smell is so strong that it at once drives you away. Now, this disagreeable smell is a constant accompaniment of the poisonous vapours of putrefaction. It is, indeed, attached to them for the most merciful of reasons; namely, that men may have timely notice of the danger that is lurking near. It is like the rattle of the rattlesnake, having been made sensible to the nose, instead of to the ear.

Men ought always to avoid the threatening smells of putrefaction, as carefully as they do the threatening sounds of the rattlesnake. DISAGREEABLE SMELLS ARE INDICATIONS OF THE PRESENCE OF DANGER. Never allow them to remain in, or near to your dwelling. Never rest for a minute when you perceive them. Hunt them away from your homes, as you would the most venomous reptile that crawls.

When people live in the open country, there is not quite so much need for drains and sewers, as there is, in the case of towns, because there are by no means so many individuals crowded together in a given space, and because also, it is then always easy to take waste substances away at once, and deposit them at some

distance from the house, where there are no living creatures to breathe the poison-vapours which steam off from them during their decay.

Still, even in the open country, it is absolutely necessary that decaying matters shall be removed from the neighbourhood of dwellings. If they are cast out just before the doors and windows, and left there, the poison-vapours that they breed, rush into the house every time those doors and windows are opened; and if there be a fire burning within, are sucked in continuously, through chinks and crevices, in the place of pure air.

I chance to know a large parish in the open country, in which there are not more than a thousand people, living in a space some two miles square. The land itself is a high flat heath, over which the wind sweeps with the greatest freedom. But there are now upon it rich fields, full of grass and corn, and sweet clover, and green turnips. A pleasant stream of pure water runs through the parish one way, and a broad turnpike-road crosses it the other. Near to a handsome church, standing upon the top of a gentle hill, there is a house surrounded by a lawn, over which two fine old chestnut trees extend their seared branches through masses of young foliage; and in this house there lives a clergyman, who thinks of the bodies of his flock as well as their souls, and does all he can to show his parishioners how to value rightly the substantial blessings God has given them. Nature, indeed, seems to have furnished to this place every advantage that is needed for the preservation of health.

But, unfortunately, the cottagers in this parish have taken a perverse fancy into their heads, to make pits close to their doors and windows, into which they throw all the waste and refuse substances of their houses, leaving them to decay and putrefy there as manure. They have, generally, small gardens round their dwellings, but they dig the manure-pits close to their doors, so that they may not have to walk a few yards further when they have anything to throw in. Very often, too, there are pigsties, and even stables for donkeys and ponies, by the sides of the manure-pits. The immediate consequence of all this is, that when any one walks in among these cottages, he finds his nose offended, directly, by all kinds of foul smells. The people, themselves, get so used to these smells, that they do not appear to mind them. Sometimes, indeed, they seem to have been trained by custom, rather to like them than otherwise.

But there is also another consequence which follows in the company of these smells: the parish is commonly, not free from infectious fever, for months at a time. I have seen this horrible disease again and again, stalk slowly through the parish, occupying months, and even years, by its progress; *passing by clean and well-kept cottages*, but stopping at every one, where there were manure-pits and pigsties, and seizing from them victims, sometimes two and three, and sometimes more. I have known the fever to cling, for months, to the same dwelling, until manure-pits close by, were removed, either from their owners being at length

convinced of their hurtfulness, or because the clergyman, or the parish and medical officers interfered; and I have then been an eye-witness to the fact, that the sick people almost directly got out of their beds, and in a few days, became quite well. I have known as many as twenty people die in the course of two months, in one small spot, in the parish where the holders of the houses were obstinate, and refused to part with their manure-pits. I remember a cottage, in particular, in which a labourer lived with his wife and five children. I went into this cottage one hot autumnal afternoon, when there was fever prowling near, to tell the poor man that his cottage was not fit even for a dog, or a pig to reside in, on account of the foul matters that were collected, both in front and behind. Three weeks afterwards I was in the house again. The man was then away, in the fields, at his work; but his wife and four children were sick in bed, in two little, close, and badly-ventilated chambers; the fifth child, a young girl, being alone left to nurse them. In two more weeks I was there once more; the girl who had been the nurse, was then herself ill in bed, with the fever, and she and her father were all that remained of the family of seven. Her mother and four brothers and sisters were all asleep beneath the sod of the churchyard. This sad instance I witnessed myself, but it is very far from being a solitary one, in this great country, which ought to be so free from sickness, favoured as it is by Providence, in all that gives value to life. Thousands upon thousands of people die in England, in the same way,

every year, poisoned through their own folly and ignorance.

Cases of this kind prove, that although the danger is less in open and thinly peopled country places, than it is in crowded towns, there is, nevertheless, great reason why even there pure water and fresh air should be allowed to perform their proper work of removing waste substance, and destroying poison-vapours. If you have any country friends with whom you can talk these matters over, tell them that the best thing they can do in order to escape entirely from the risk of such deadly sickness as infectious fever, is always to carry all waste and refuse substances to some distance from the house, every day, and bury them there, beneath the loose soil, mixed with a little quicklime, if they can procure it; then the poison-vapours, instead of being steamed out into the air, are sucked in and fixed by the soil and the lime, as fast as they are formed, until the rain comes to wash them away, through rivulets and rivers, to the sea, or to convey them to the rootlets of living plants, which are able at once to consume them; changing them from poison into nourishments as they do so.

There is another piece of advice, too, which you may give to both your country and your town friends; and which you may also, advantageously, share with them yourself. ACQUIRE THE HABIT OF BEING ALWAYS PERFECTLY CLEAN. Sweep away dust, and wash away dirt and filth, day after day, and week after week. Make no truce with them, for they are uncompromising enemies. If you do not remove them

entirely, they will punish you for your forbearance. It is quite true, that a little dirt does not do a great deal of harm; but it is also true, that people who do not mind a little dirt commonly get to bear a great deal of it. It is a very troublesome thing to be always trying to be a little clean. But it is a very easy thing to be always quite clean. People who have once learned the habit of cleanliness, carry it with them for ever afterwards, without being conscious even that they are doing so.

It is a very good plan for persons who have learned the value of thorough cleanliness, to go about, near to, and in their houses, in the cool of the evening; observing carefully, whether there are then any disagreeable smells which can be perceived. Very often UNPLEASANT ODOURS CAN BE DETECTED IN THE CHILL DAMP EVENING, in places which are entirely free from scents during the day.

So long as the warm sun is shining, it raises any poison-vapours that are in the act of being bred there, rapidly into the air, and scatters them freely. But when the sun has set, and the atmosphere has become cold and moist, the poison-vapours get entangled in the moisture, and float with it along the ground until they are dense and strong enough to be discovered by the nose.

But I have now something more to tell you, concerning the use of pure water, which, probably, will surprise you very much.

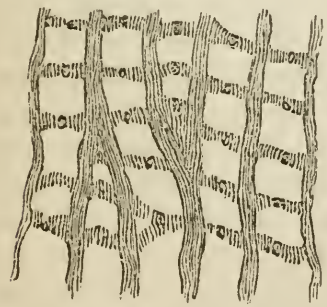
The house which is built of mortar and bricks and of tiles and boards, is not the only house that you

are expected to keep in order and wash out; that house is, after all, merely an outer case added to what is more properly, *your dwelling*.

Look at that body which is made up so wonderfully of flesh and bones, and which has such mysterious powers of moving and feeling; *that*, after all, is really your dwelling. It is in that body that you live, with high duties to perform, and high privileges to enjoy.

But the Great Landlord who has provided for you this comfortable dwelling, very naturally expects also that at least you shall keep it clean, so long as you occupy it; and in order that you may have no shadow of an excuse left you to do otherwise, he has furnished it with a very convenient series of outlets through which waste matters may be poured away.

The outside of your body is covered evenly over, with a soft, shining coat, which is called *the skin*. This skin looks to the eye as if it were a continued, unbroken covering, but it is not so, it is really full of little holes.

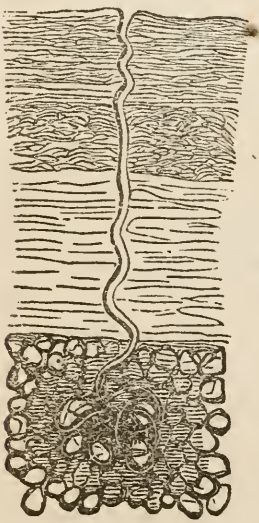


Suppose that I were to show you a small patch of this skin with a strong magnifying glass, you would see very much of what is represented in this drawing.

You would find that it is marked with ridges and furrows, and that upon the ridges, round holes are dotted along in lines; these holes are so small that in some places as many as

three thousand of them are packed together upon a space not larger than the surface of a shilling, although separated from each other in the proportion represented in the drawing.

Now suppose, again, that I were to cut down into a piece of skin to see where these holes led to, what do you think we should discover? Why, that they led into little pipes which dip in through the skin, and are then rolled up into knotted balls. Each hole, in fact, is merely the opening or mouth of a pipe. In the drawing beneath, a greatly magnified plan is presented, of one of these pipes. It is observed beginning by the open mouth above, winding like a cork-screw downwards, through the substance of the skin, and then rolling up on itself, in the midst of the loose fat beneath.



Now how many of these little open-mouthed tubes do you think you have in the skin of your body? Should you wonder to hear that you have as many as there are hours in a long year? Oh! you have many more than that; it would take you six long years to count them, if you reckoned one every minute. You have three millions of holes in your skin!

But, again, how far do you think the three millions of tubes, running in from these holes,

would reach, if they were all joined together and stretched out in a line? Positively not less than twenty-eight miles!

You will readily admit that three millions of holes and twenty-eight miles of pipes, are not likely to have been placed in the skin of a single body, without a purpose; what purpose, then, do they serve? Why, they are DRAINS AND SEWERS WHICH THE GREAT BUILDER, WHO MADE THIS HOUSE FOR YOU TO DWELL IN, HAS FURNISHED for carrying waste matter away from it.

So long as the body is in a healthy state, water pours out freely through these holes in the skin. This water is not generally seen, because it flies off into the air, as steam. But there is a large quantity of it; never less than one pint is poured out during twenty-four hours, and often as much as four pints.

But the water which pours out of the body through the holes in the skin, is not pure water; it is dirty water, containing a great deal of decaying and poisonous waste matter. As water passes through the living body, it washes out all the hollows and chambers it runs through, and cleanses them, carrying away useless and offensive substances.

The dirty water that pours out through the holes in the skin, is called *perspiration*, or *sweat*. The greater part of the bulk of this perspiration, is water; but not less than a quarter of an ounce of decaying solid substance is mingled with the quantity that flows away in twenty-four hours. As decaying substance is poisonous, it

therefore follows that *a quarter of an ounce of poison is drained away* from the body through the sewers of the skin, every day.

But with a skin thus formed, suppose you go on eating and drinking and working, day after day, and take no care of these pipes and holes, what do you think will happen? Why the same thing that would take place with house-drains under the same circumstances. The little pipes will get choked up, and poisonous matter will collect more and more inside of the body, until fever and derangement will be caused by its presence in the blood.

It is only the water of the perspiration that can fly off into the air, as steam; the thicker decaying substance that was mingled with it, is left behind on the surface of the skin, and is there mixed up with all sorts of dust and dirt that fall on it, until a kind of *filthy varnish* is formed, which chokes up and closes all the little sewers.

How then should you get rid of this dirty varnish, and open the mouths of these sewers, so that they may go on properly, pouring out their waste substances? Clearly by *washing the skin* well with pure water, at frequent intervals.

DIRTY SKINS HELP FOUL AIR IN ITS MISCHIEVOUS WORK. They keep poisonous matter inside of the body, and in the blood, which needs, for the health's sake, to be constantly got rid of. CLEAN SKINS HELP FRESH AIR IN ITS HEALTH-PRESERVING WORK.

The entire body, from head to foot, *needs* to be

carefully washed with pure water, at least twice in the week. It is far *better that it should be so washed once every day*, and the best time for doing this is on first getting out of bed in the morning.

You tell me that you have a great deal to do, and that you cannot afford the time which this would require. My answer to you is, that you can better afford that time than you can the loss, which want of cleanliness is very likely to bring. It would take you about five minutes at the outside, to wash yourself thoroughly every morning. Now how many such five minutes are there in every day? Not less than 288! Is it not worth while to take one of those 288 from sleep, or from any other occupation, to make sure that the three million outlets God placed in your skin to afford an escape for poison out of your blood, are open and clear, and performing their beneficial work?

The most pleasant and ready way in which the daily washing of the body can be performed, is to sit in a sort of tub, containing half a pailful of cold water, and to splash this over the skin by means of a piece of sponge, or a piece of flannel, rubbing the surface well all over, and afterwards drying it quickly with a coarse towel.

A BATH OF COLD WATER IN THE MORNING, DIRECTLY ON GETTING OUT OF BED, IS REFRESHING AND STRENGTHENING, BESIDES BEING ESSENTIAL TO CLEANLINESS. It brings a warm glow to the skin, encouraging the free flow of blood through its vessels, and guards against the risk of taking cold from accidental

exposure during the day. Even in the coldest weather of winter time, people feel much warmer when they wash all over with cold water before they dress, than they do when they huddle their clothes on as fast as they can upon an unwashed skin. No one who has once tried the plan of washing thoroughly every morning, will ever again desert it. He will go on with it if it be only for the pleasure and delight that he finds in the practice.

But you say, you do not think you can manage to get a tub that you could use for this purpose: that I doubt very much. In these matters I am quite sure that WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY. I believe that all you need is to be made aware of how important the thing is, and that then you will certainly find a way to do it. But even if it be true that in consequence of some peculiar difficulties in your position, you cannot manage the bathing upon this agreeable plan; you may then, nevertheless, accomplish all that cleanliness actually requires by the help of a couple of old towels, and a couple of pints of water. The skin may be first thoroughly washed with the wet towel, and afterwards be rubbed with the dry one. At any rate, this you must quite understand,—there is no possible escape from the necessity. Nature has ordained that certain things shall be done, and what nature has ordained, must be accomplished, or the penalty of folly and disobedience must be paid. HE WHO CHOOSES DIRT AND LAZINESS IN PREFERENCE TO CLEANLINESS AND WELL-ORDERED EXERTION, MUST

TAKE DISEASE AND MISERY, AND POSSIBLY EVEN DEATH TOO,' INTO THE BARGAIN. Never forget that the slight self-denial which refrains from purchasing a few pints of unnecessary beer, is amply sufficient for providing such a necessary and luxury as a morning bath of pure water, for the rest of a long life.

Some portion of the impurities of the perspiration is soaked up into the linen that is worn next the skin. If the same linen be worn day after day, these impurities gather in the linen more and more: this is why linen becomes very dirty by constantly wearing it without change. It is of very little use that the skin is duly washed, if it be wrapped round directly afterwards with a fabric whose pores are entirely filled with refuse matter, like that which has just been cleansed away from its surface. IT IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO HEALTH THAT THE LINEN SHOULD BE CHANGED AND WASHED EVERY FEW DAYS.

When the body is covered up closely at night, by the bed-clothes, the perspiration flows more freely from the warm skin. A portion of this is soaked into the linen worn immediately round the body, but another portion steams into the sheets and blankets. Hence these too require to be sometimes changed and washed. Dirty bed-clothes, like dirty body-linen, keep the body closely wrapped in poison which it was meant it should be freed from. It is a very excellent proceeding always to fold back neatly all the bed-clothes off the bed, upon getting up in the morning, and TO LEAVE BOTH THE CLOTHES AND THE BED

EXPOSED two or three hours with the window of the chamber wide open, so that the fresh wind may blow in freely and disperse any poison-vapours that are lurking about the fibres and in the pores of the clothes. On dry sunny days the BEDS SHOULD BE TAKEN OUT INTO THE OPEN GARDEN OR YARD, if there be one that can be used for the purpose, and should be laid in the bright sun and fresh air, to purify.

Remember, then, that fresh air and pure water are twin sisters, sent down upon earth to work in close compact for human good. Upon the hill-side, in the green valley, and upon the broad plain, they run together in intimate companionship. Beware how you either sever them, or banish them altogether from your dwelling. Only in barren deserts and in deadly fever-haunts, are they ever divided or absent. If you would not have your home a barren desert or a fever-haunt, take care that you find there a warm welcome and good entertainment for this bountiful and gracious pair.

Series of Practical Tracts.
No. 5.

HOUSEHOLD TROUBLES:

HOW TO MEET THEM.

New York:
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL TRACT SOCIETY,
5 Cooper Union, Fourth Avenue,

No. 293. 1866. 32 pp.

HOUSEHOLD

TROUBLES AND TRIALS:

HOW TO MEET THEM.

"Oh! mother dear," cried Ellen Ware,
"How close it is, and hot!
I'm always feeling such a wish
For things we haven't got.

"There's nothing in this dismal yard,
That we can feel or see,
To mind us of the summer-time;
No pretty flower or tree:

"Only the weary weary heat—
It makes me sick and sad
To think we *must* live as we do,
Where every thing's so bad.

"Oh! if we could but get away
Out of this crowded place,
And feel that we could breathe fresh air,
And have a little space.

"And then at night-time—worse than all,
So crowded on the floor,
And not a window to unclose—
Only the open door.

"No shelter when we're getting up
To wash and say our prayers;
Big boys and girls, and all of us,
In that one room up-stairs.

"Oh! mother dear, don't think I'm grown
Too over-nice and proud,
It isn't *only* for the heat,
And for the noise and crowd;

"But since I've been so long away
With aunt and uncle Wright,
It seems to me quite dreadful now,
To be like this at night."

"Poor Ellen," the kind mother said,
"I've thought upon it too—
It's bad for all, but now I see,
It's worst, my child, for you.

"We've tried to get a larger house,
For with a labourer's pay
We could afford it; but there's none—
They're going to build, they say.

HOW TO DIVIDE A ROOM.

"Meanwhile we'll set our wits to work,
Do something if we can,
Put up a curtain, I'm quite sure
We might contrive a plan;

"And then you'll have a sheltered place,
Where you may wash away,
And do what you've been used to do
At uncle's every day.

"Get out the stores your aunt has sent,
There may be something there,
If not, we'll buy, 'tis not a case
In which to stint or spare.

"We'll part the room off—curtain'd, so,
It shouldn't go too high,
To keep the air off from the door,
Which gives the chief supply.

"A good firm string nailed right across
With rings to draw along;—
Father will do it cleverly,
And fix it tight and strong.

"I've thought of this since you return'd,
But hadn't heart to speak,
For since the weather set in hot,
I've felt so faint and weak;

"It may be from the crowded room"—
"I'm sure 'tis," Ellen said,
"For now I'm come back home again,
I wake with aching head.

"And uncle he would tell you too,
There is *another* thing
That aches, and pains, and sicknesses,
And miseries will bring—

"The *drain*—and there's the gutter now
Chok'd up I see with dirt;
He says, besides the nastiness,
It does all kinds of hurt.

"He reads, and works out what he reads,
In such a clever way;
Both he and aunt, you never saw
Such busy folks as they.

"They've done a deal of good amongst
Their village neighbours there;
For uncle with his pleasant ways,
Is welcome everywhere.

"And what the rich folk could not make
The labourers understand,
He goes and works at, *proves to them*,
With his strong helping hand.

"I daresay 'tis because they live
So free in the fresh air,
That aunt and uncle seem so well,
And have no weight of care.

"Oh! mother, mother, how I long
For those sweet morning hours,
To go with cousin Margaret
And tend upon the flowers.

"I dream it over in the night,
I'm with the flowers again,
And wake up—oh so different!
They're all so *far* off then."

"Well, Ellen, it's no use to fret,
And want to change our lot;
Let's set to work and make the best
Of blessings that we've got.

"We'll plan the curtain out at once,
For then 'twill half be done;
And Katey, when she comes from school,
Will work away like fun.

"Then I can clear the gutter out—
It's quite true what you said—
We'll try to do a good day's work
Before we go to bed."

The gutter clear'd, the curtain made,
Put up before the night—
And down the weary heads are laid,
To rest till morning light.

With morning light the mother's heart
Was strengthen'd in its will,
A gleam of hope was springing up
To face and conquer ill.

'Twas not the ill of poverty—
(When in full work and pay,
Father and boys earned quite enough
To put some store away).

The daily trial was the house,
Drain'd badly, close and small,
As she told Ellen, they'd no choice,
'Twas this or none at all.

And yet she felt with all her love,
With all her household care,
That many things were left undone
That might be alter'd there.

But now the mother's heart was stirr'd
By Ellen's wistful face,
She rose up with an earnest will,
And a strong prayer for grace.

She felt she needed help in all
She set her hand to do,
For want of energy was her
Besetting sin, she knew.

She'd often striv'n, she'd conquer now;
When all was put to rights,
She'd set her wits to work to make
The chamber cool at nights.

There was no chimney in the room
To let in air that way,
And not a window would unclose
To freshen it by day.

"Oh! Ellen," suddenly she cried,
"There is a little book
The lady left the other day,
Just get it, and we'll look.

HOW TO AIR A ROOM.

"I'm sure it told some easy way,
I didn't read it through,
Yes, here, they call it *ventilate*,
It tells us what to do.

"To let *good air* keep coming in,
And *bad air* going out;
See, child, they say 'tis *poison* else,
And it's all true, no doubt.

"And that explains why we wake up
So weary and so weak,
And haven't heart at breakfast time
Hardly to eat or speak.

"We'll try to do what's written here,
But I'm not sure we can;
If not, I know when father comes
He'll carry out the plan."

"*Large gimlet*"—yes, we've got one here;
That's right; and now, let's see—
"*Upon the upper window frame*,"
They say the holes should be.

"*The holes bored from the inner side,*
To slant just downwards," so,
"*Not up to let the rain run in.*"
That's clever! yes, I know.

It is not hard to understand;
Read on; what's next to do?
"*Never quite shut the chamber door,*
And other holes bore through

"*The other window-frames downstairs,*
To act as channels there,
For letting in fresh wind to rise,
And drive out the bad air.

"*And lest the wind should blow too strong,*
A few rough pegs of wood
Should be prepared, to stop some holes
At pleasure."—Yes, that's good;

"*A round hole, half an inch across,*
Or rather more, for ONE!"
We're seven—so for all of us,
'Tis seven must be done.

This gimlet won't make half-inch holes!
'Tis difficult, you see;
But father, he must reckon up
How many holes 'twill be.

And father understood it well,
And did it all quite right;
He made the holes the proper size,
And finished it that night.

So, by degrees, within, without,
Things got in better train;
Father and boys help'd after work
To clear the chok'd-up drain.

And now the mother does her best,
Whatever neighbors say,
To keep all wholesome as she can,
And decent, day by day.

And here and there another tries,
  And helps to clean the yard,
While many lazily decide
  It really is too hard.

ELLEN'S TEMPTATION.

One day, when Ellen was sent out
  Some garden stuff to buy,
Had paid her pence for greens and herbs,
  Well pleased with her supply;

She turned a corner quickly round,
  And saw a flower in pot;
Oh! how she longed to take it up!
  She never has forgot.

It was a little tender plant,
  And there it drooping lay,
Neglected in the heat and dust,
  That busy market day.

It was the one she lov'd the best
  Of cousin Margaret's flowers;
It 'minded her of happy days,
  And pleasant morning hours.

"They do not care for it," she said,
  "And yet the very sight
Is joy to me; if 'twas but mine,
  I should be happy quite!"

A thought came like a whispered word,
  "Take it—they will not see."
She paused: again the tempting thought
  No, it must never be.

And Ellen turned in frightened haste—
  It is not for the flower
She's grieving, as she hurries on;
  She'd felt temptation's power.

She was amazed and terrified,
  Tho' she'd resisted sin;
She'd learnt its danger from without,
  Its danger from within.

'Tis night—the others are in bed,
She calls her mother near,
She tells her of the thought she'd had,
With many a falling tear.

"Oh! mother, now I understand
What hungry children feel;
How *they* are *tried*, and so much more,
When starving for a meal.

"How they *resist* temptation's power,
As, lingering they stand,
Looking and longing, eager-eyed,
Yet never lift a hand."

"Yes, Ellen, 'tis a thought for us,
We know not—cannot know,
The strength, forbearance, honesty,
Those hungry children show."

And, surely we may feel that God
Will give them by and bye,
Ten, thirty, and a hundred fold,
And all their wants supply.

He sees the nobleness of heart
In a *poor honest* child,
Tho' on that tempted little one
No passer-by has smiled.

MRS. GRAY'S VISIT.

"How Katey's little fingers work!
And what is she about
With all those bits of tumbled rag?
I'm sure I can't make out!"

"Come in to-morrow and you'll see,"
Said merry little Kate.
"Yes, come and have a cup of tea,"
Said mother—"don't be late."

At tea time in came Mrs. Gray—
"Well, here I am—let's see—
What, Katey, all that large bright square
Of patchwork! dearee me!

"Who'd ever think such little hands
So cleverly could sew!
You've been *well taught* and *cared to learn*,
Or 'twouldn't be, you know.

"Oh! Katey, what a wife you'll make,
Some ten years hence, perhaps!
You'll mend so neatly, none will see
The signs of holes and gaps.

"You'll not be like the Catherine
Who's married Charley Blake;
And a kind creature, too, she is,
And a good wife would make;

"But she *can't work*—he's never got
A tidy shirt—poor soul!
She tries to mend, but all rips out,
Or tears a larger hole.

"She's not a notion how to use
Her needle; you should see
The stocking, how she sews them up;
For one hole she makes three.

"And cutting out a shift or shirt
She's no thought what to do!
So, much too quick the money goes,
She's always buying new.

"What *'t will* be, I don't dare to think—
Her baby-clothes all bought!
It can't go on at this rate long.
Girls should be better taught,

"Not only how to hem and sew,
To gather, stitch, and fell,
But how to mend, and how to make,
And how to *cut out* well,

"And how to darn the stockings too,
To make them last the longer,
The stitch in time that saves the nine,
And makes the thin place stronger;

"And how to put shirt buttons on,
Well fasten'd with good cotton,
And see they fit the button-holes;
This should not be forgotten.

"More trouble between man and wife
Such failures often bring,
Than real affliction, heavy loss,
Or keenest suffering.

"Great trials men will bravely bear,
But small ones fret and tease,
And ready thought, and ready hand,
Will ward them off at ease.

"All working-men want working-wives,
And children, working mothers,
It isn't fair to girls themselves,
It isn't fair to others,

"To leave them in such ignorance;
Full twice as much in clothes
They spend, and *must* spend—and they lose
The pleasure Katey knows."

"Yes," thoughtfully, the mother said,
"Work is a woman's pleasure;
In many an anxious weary hour
My needle's been a treasure.

"And Katey's got such dapper hands,
And what is better still,
An active mind, a loving heart,
And a quick, ready will.

"You should have seen how hard she work'd
Three months, perhaps, ago,
To set to-rights the winter things;
For laying by, you know."

"Oh! that's why all your cloaks and gowns
Come out and look like new.
How do you manage, Mrs. Ware?
What is it that you do?"

"Unrip the gathers, mend, shake, brush,
Fold, press them smooth and neat,
Then wrap, and *sew them closely up*
In a clean half-worn sheet;

"That keeps them safest from the moth.
How well I mind that spring,
Five years ago, when they began
The District Visiting;

"The lady who came here was kind,
And she was clever too,
And took delight in helping us,
And teaching all she knew.

"It was not only tracts and clubs,
And gathering the pence;
She taught us in our daily life
To use our common sense;

"To meet our trials with a trust
Of guidance from above,
And, from the Bibles that we bought,
To learn our Father's love.

"Since I'm grown weak, 'tis harder now
To bear things as I ought,
But I've kept up the useful things
In household ways she taught.

"We've saved by management in dress,
From following her rule;
She taught me such contrivances
As girls can't learn at school;

"And show'd me things in cookery
I never knew before,
In having comfortable meals,
And yet not spending more."

"But don't you really spend much more,"
Said little Mrs. Gray,
"In living, as I know you do,
With hot meals every day?"

"Oh no! it does not cost us more,
But it is much more trouble;
And that's the stumbling-block with me,
The work is almost double.

"It isn't dearer—hungry boys
Must have enough to eat,
Or else they overgrow their strength;
They want a little meat.

"A good warm dinner between work
Is nourishing and nice;
Meat stew'd with vegetables, herbs,
Or thicken'd well with rice.

"They eat more when 'tis hard dry food,
And then they have their beer;
But they don't want it when they get
Good comfortable cheer.

"And father does enjoy to sit
And see his children's faces
All round the table, cosily,
At meal-time in their places."

"But vegetables are so dear,
And meat's expensive too.
Oh! dearee me," cried Mrs. Gray,
"I'm sure 'twould never do.

"I'll be a good wife where I can,
In washing, making, mending,
In keeping a nice tidy house,
And never over-spending.

"I buy meat once a week, no more,
And then we go without;
A shoulder, somewhat neck, or loin,
'Tis so I change about."

"Ah! joints *are* dear," said Mrs. Ware,
"Meat is expensive; so
I buy a breast, or bits of neck,
For them the price is low.

"I always take care that it's good,
As well as fresh and sweet,
It's worse than bad economy
To buy unwholesome meat.

"And odds and ends of beef are sold,
Which make a famous stew,
The bones, and bits of fat, come in
For soup and puddings too;

"And vegetables are not dear,
If you know when to buy;
Go *late* to market, and you'll get
A cheap and good supply.

"*New bread* I set my face against,
'Tis bad in every way,
Unwholesome and extravagant"—
"Oh dear!" cried Mrs. Gray,

"Why that's the thing I always get,
And eat it nice and hot;
Perhaps it is extravagant,
I know we eat a lot."

While chatting on in friendly way,
A knock came at the door,
And such a parcel! boots and shoes,
A dozen pair or more.

"These great thick boots for summer-time!"
Said little Mrs. Gray.
"Oh! no, they're not for summer-time,
They'll all be put away;

"That closet has a row of pegs
To hang them up inside,
They wear much longer, keep out wet,
When seasoned and well dried.

"We've done it for the last few years,
And bills are easier paid
In summer time, and then they hang
For winter ready made.

"Do try the plan, you'll be surpris'd
To find how long they last;
You see the children's are made large
Because they grow so fast.

"'Twas uncle Harry taught us this,
He's such a famous man;
He's always learning something new,
And works out what he can.

"He's clever and industrious,
Has been so all through life;
They say he's got a pattern home,
And got a pattern wife:

"And such a family they have
Of rosy girls and boys,
With merry voices ringing out,
And making such a noise.

"It wouldn't do in this close yard,
Or this small house all day;
But then they're in the open fields
At work time or at play."

"Oh yes, it's all so different there,"
Said Ellen, with a sigh;
"If they were forc'd to live down here,
I really think they'd die.

"I wish poor brothers had a chance
Of such nice games of play;"
"But, Ellen, we are happy here,
Tho' in a different way,"

Cried Katey, with a merry laugh,
"I'm sure we've lots of fun;
And Ned and Jack are cleverer
For all the work they've done.

"A country life's all very well,
And may be pleasantest,
But father often says, you know,
A weaver's trade is best."

"I don't think cousins have such books,
Or such a school as ours;
Tho' they may have good games of play,
And loads of pretty flowers."

The mother laugh'd, and Mrs. Gray
Cried, "Well done, Kate, that's right;
We town-folk have our pleasures too,
And I'm contented quite.

"And after all its mostly mind
And temper that's to blame;
When people will be discontent,
Home's pretty much the same."

WINTER-TIME.

The summer pass'd—but summer-time
In city yard is not
Like summer-time on village green;
The air gets close and hot.

There had been fever near at hand;
And with a vigorous arm,
Father and mother clear'd and clean'd
To ward off hurt and harm;

And pray'd a blessing might be sent
Upon each strong endeavour;
Striving their duty well to do,
And striving, hoping ever.

They followed out the rules they learnt
Of currents of fresh air,
And kept their children wash'd and clean,
And gave them wholesome fare.

The fever did not touch their house;
But Ellen seemed to ail,
Tho' nothing of disease was found
To make her droop and fail;

And so they settled she should try
To get a country place,
That fresh pure autumn winds might blow
A bloom into her face.

Her aunt and uncle look'd about,
And very soon they heard
The doctor's wife would want a girl,
And by a timely word

They readily the place secured;
And, tho' the tears were starting,
A pleasant prospect smil'd beyond,
To cheer her at the parting.

How Ellen prosper'd where she went,
And how she work'd her way
In her new life and country home,
We'll tell another day.

November fogs are setting in,
The days are chill and drear,
But one house in our city yard
Looks bright with home-like cheer.

Around the fire they cluster now,
And Kate and mother sew;
Upon the hob a kettle sings,
A saucepan simmers slow.

The father, listening to their chat,
Rests in his elbow chair,
Till presently the paper comes,
Which he and neighbours share.

And all are cheerful: mother finds
Employment for the boys,
Sometimes in mending furniture,
Sometimes in making toys

For little sister—there she sits
Down at her father's feet,
And watches them contentedly,
With eyes serene and sweet.

She's pet and darling of the house;
Not five years old till spring;
And a spoilt child, perhaps you think—
But it is no such thing;

But she's so *loving* while she's lov'd,
It makes her good and true,
And keeps her from all selfishness;
And she's obedient too.

So little Emmy is not spoilt,
Though petted and caress'd;
And then she is the *little one*,
The one that *rules the rest.*

With her sweet face and smiling eyes,
Her voice of silver tone,
She sits upon her little stool,
As queen upon her throne.

All hang upon her baby will,
She holds a loving sway,
And brothers are her willing slaves
In helping her at play.

They tell her when a woman grown,
They'll weave her such a gown,
She'll be the wonder of the world,
The beauty of the town!

And little Emmy laughs aloud,
And climbs her father's knee,
And rests her head upon his breast
Smiling and lovingly.

And by and bye the little hymn,
The prayer, the good-night spoken
In childhood's peacefulness and trust;
She sleeps the sleep unbroken.

After the pleasant supper tea
"*The Children's Guest*" is read;
Or pretty school book for a change,
Before they go to bed.

Then father takes the Bible down,
With quiet, reverent look,
And reads a chapter to them all
Out of the Holy Book;

And quietly they all attend,
And then they kneel in prayer;
They think of Ellen as they kneel,
And Ellen's heart is there.

So evenings, happy evenings pass—
For, though it may be hard,
Yet happy, kindly, Christian folk,
May live in city yard.

Time passes on, and Christmas comes
With joyfulness and mirth,
When music, feasting, merriment
Are sounding thro' the earth;

And when a higher happiness,
A holier joy is found
Within the thankful Christian heart,
Than the gay mirthful sound.

But Christmas passes—New Year comes,
And with it tidings sad;
The labourers suffer specially,
Work fails, and times are bad,

And Richard Ware and his good wife
Are stricken to the heart;
In poverty and anxious care
They see their child depart;

Their little one, their lovely one,
Their child of four years old,
Who on their hearts a clinging clasp
Of tenderness had hold.

She pined and sickened, and she died,
And Ellen came to see
The sweet fair face, so beautiful,
In death's tranquillity.

Oh what a pang! so soon, so soon,
To lay the dear one low;
To-morrow—not to-morrow—yes,
Yes, *here* it must be so.

In the close yard, the crowded room,
Feelings must be repress'd;
The loving spirit has gone forth,
The grave now claims the rest.

Two days ago, the mother's arms
Were circling fondly round,
And "Hold me closer, mammy dear,"
Was the soft murmur'd sound.

Two days ago, the little hymn
Was whisper'd, and the prayer;
Then looking in her mother's eyes,
She saw the tear-drops there.

"Not cry, for Emmy's going to sleep,"
The sweet lips faintly said;
"Pain *all gone* now, and, mammy, say"—
(Then heavy droop'd the head)—

"Say *that*...the pretty verse again
About the little child
That Jesus took...up...in his arms"—
And tremblingly she smiled.

Then closed the eyes, the voice was hush'd,
But a soft quivering light
Played sweetly on the parted lips,
And then it faded quite.

The sleep, the peaceful sleep *was come*—
Safe on the sheltering breast
Of Him, who gathers children there,
Was found the perfect rest.

Now Richard Ware has drawn the last
Of all his little store;
The doctor and the funeral paid,
He found he had no more.

So, with an honest, manly grace,
He sought for parish aid;
'Twas not from any fault of his
That this demand was made:

Except, that in his early days,
From want of prudent thought,
He had not saved a little part,
As now he felt he ought.

'Twas bad for all—but worst for boys,
No work, and little food;
They wander'd out with idle lads,
And learnt ways rough and rude.

No little sister on the hearth,
No cheerful fire and chat,
One glimmering candle for them all,
And Katey close to that.

Her nimble fingers faster work,
She has no time to spare,
And even this makes brothers cross
While they sit moping there.

How well those winter clothes came in
That had been stor'd away;
The boots, too, that in summer-time
So puzzled Mrs. Gray.

For all the money now must go
To keep up fire and food;
Yet cold and hunger still creep in,
And anxious thoughts intrude.

Poor father tries, and tries in vain,
With patient, trusting heart,
In any way, by honest means,
To work and bear his part.

But Katey, she can still go on,
She's darning, patching, mending;

Her small hands smarting with the cold,
Her hard work never ending.

For now she's *earning* all she can,
And wishing it were more,
As pence drop in, in scanty pay,
To help the weekly store.

And mother, with her heart's sore grief,
Is striving day by day
To make the meagre fare hold out,
In many a skilful way.

The cheapest, meanest, coarsest food,
She serves up neat and nice;
'Tis wonderful how much she does
With peas, and bones, and rice.

The porridge breakfasts warmed them well,
The kettle broth at night,
And still the grace, devoutly said,
Told that the heart was right.

Through all, they kept God's holy day,
And, clean and neatly dress'd,
They sought His house, and heard His word,
And found His promis'd rest.

KATEY'S HOPES.

One evening—"Yes," cries little Kate,
"Yes, Jack, 'the good time's coming;'
Perhaps you didn't think 'twas *that*,
The tune that you were humming.

"The good time's coming—it must be,
The world's redeem'd, you know;
I can't tell any more than that,
It does seem coming slow;

"But the Lord Jesus came down here,
And with His blood redeem'd,
Bought back, the poor lost sinful world,
All worthless as it seem'd.

"He look'd upon its misery,
Its wretchedness, its strife,
And thought 'twas good enough to save,
And saved it with His life.

"And so it's His—that's why I know
The good time's coming, Jack;
He'd never give it up again,
Now He has bought it back."

So little Katey reason'd on,
And brother Jack, he heard,
With wonder at her sparkling eye,
And at her earnest word.

"Yes, yes," she said, "I have a hope,
And it's like light within,
That by and bye we shall be free
Of misery and sin.

"If 'twas not so, I shouldn't have
The heart to work so hard,
And feel so happy as I do—
Yes—*now*, in this dull yard.

"The promises I've learnt at school
Come back into my mind;
And when the good time comes, dear Jack,
What matter what's behind?

"Cheer up, come sit down close by me,
And share my light and work;
I don't see, while I'm fagging here,
Why you should mope and shirk.

"Why don't you cut out boats and toys,
Come, Jack, and earn a penny?
The children like them—they would sell,
And you could make so many.

"You'd think of little sister too;
I'm sure that thought must be
A thought, Jack, fit to do you good;
I know it's good for me.

"*Her* good time's come—it isn't *that*
The good time that I mean,
She's gone to heaven, she didn't want
A good time here between.

"It mayn't come here in time for us—
Don't wish to have *her* back—
Perhaps it's all my fancy too,
About this good time, Jack.

"I wish 't was come for father's sake;
See how he's sleeping there;
He's out of trouble for a time,
But he's worn down with care.

"Perhaps our talk's been mixing in
With dreams; he's smiling, look;
I'm sure his face of patient trust
Should teach us like a book.

"Where's Ned gone? oh! I'm so afraid
He's getting in bad ways;
There's such a 'don't care' in his look,
I've seen it many days."

"Oh, Kitty! nothing 'scapes your eyes:
There's not much harm in Ned;
He can't bear dulness—that's the thing,
This dreary time till bed.

"And *'tis* hard, I can tell you, too,
For us great louting boys;
'T was different with Emmy here,
And carving little toys.

"And Ned's so fond of work like that;
If he had some to do,
I'll answer for it he'd stay in,
And be contented too.

"But wouldn't mother grieve and fret,
And think we didn't care,
If we sat carving just the same
In our old places there.

"'T would mind her so of Emily.
But if you'll put that straight,
We'll set to work, I promise you;
I'll look him up—'tis late."

When the two boys come in, they saw
Wood, knives, and candles ready,
And Katey, with a pleasant smile,
Said, "All right, brother Neddy."

And boats and funny toys were made,
And bought, for Katey sold them,
And many a one for love of her,
But *that* she never told them.

And soon they got up quite a trade;
But what sold best of any
Were pegs and plugs that brewers use,
And hundreds they sold—many.

The hard times pass'd—the workmen's hands
Again found full employ;
The parents smiled in thankfulness,
To see their children's joy.

They struggled on, were free of debt;
They'd trusted God thro' all;
And those who *really* trust Him, find
He answers to their call.

With spring-time, when the leaves and flowers
Made earth look fair and gay,
The heavy hand was lifted up,
The tear was wiped away.

The thought of their sweet little one
Was treasured in their breast;
Her life's short trial crown'd with joy,
In love's eternal rest.

With spring-time, too, when days were long,
And when the sun was bright,
There came quite unexpectedly
A very cheering sight;

For, smiling at the open door,
When mother rais'd her eyes,
Was Ellen, and a cry of joy
Told Katie's glad surprise.

The same, yet changed—more womanly,
With bloom upon her cheek;
The mother's kiss told happiness—
She had not words to speak.

Neat, trim, and tidy, there she stood,
No finery of dress,
But simple, modest, servant-like,
And pretty, not the less.

No hoop to swing and knock about;
The firm and well-starch'd skirt,
Set well, and just was short enough
To clear the dust and dirt.

And round her pleasant, cheerful face,
No artificials shone;
The neat white frill, the well-brush'd hair,
Had beauty of its own.

A pleasant sight to anyone
Was Ellen, standing there,
And soon she's seated full in talk,
Beside her mother's chair.

She had a good account to give
Of her new home and life,
No miserable, foolish tales
Of meannesses or strife.

No talk of what a life she led,
How she was put about,
And how her mistress was so hard,
And never let her out.

She'd been obedient, tried to please,
And do her duty well;
She'd many a pleasant memory,
And cheerful hope to tell.

Her master's kindness to the sick,
Her mistress's good care,
And all the clever, useful things
She'd learnt by being there.

"And you are better, dear, and strong,"
The anxious mother said,
"And you don't have that faintiness,
Or bad pain in your head?"

"No, mother, I am quite well now;
The change of food at first
Just made me feel a little ill,
But I was kindly nurs'd.

"We never liv'd so poor as some,
Dear mother, thanks to you;
But yet, 't was very different there,
More different than I knew.

"Those daily joints of butcher's meat;
And that good-natured cook,
Who thought the more she made me eat,
The better I should look.

"But master—(mother, you should know,
He's the best doctor round)—
Talk'd to me, and explain'd it all,
And said 't was often found

"The change to different air would give
More appetite to eat;
And girls at home have not been used
To so much solid meat.

"I ate less meat and soon got well;
But I've been very sad
About you since, and long'd to help
When times became so bad."

Her mother told her not to grieve,
The trying time was past:
"And there's the prospect of a house
For us to get, at last.

"But now it hardly seems worth while,
Dear Emmy gone, and you:"—
"Don't say so, mother, 't would be wrong
To go on as you do,

"Now that they're growing up so fast,
And all in work again:
And I've brought something that will help,
My wages—two pound ten!

"I've had the gift of many things,
And I can quite spare this,
To start you for a month or two—
Just give me one dear kiss."

'Twas settled to her great delight,
Before she went away,
She'd come with uncle for a treat,
Only to spend the day.

But there had been a promise made
To spend a whole week soon;
Her mistress told her it should be
About the first of June.

UNCLE HARRY AND KATE.

When uncle came, the rest were out,
And, laying down his hat,
"The very thing I wanted, child,
Now, Katey, for a chat."

And then he told how much they wish'd,
That he should take her back;
They thought her place could be supplied
By handy brother Jack.

'T would do him good to be of use,
And do her good to go;
"And I'm quite sure," he smiling said,
"That mother won't say, no.

"See how you like a country life,
And who knows by and bye,
But we may get a place for you
Like Ellen's, if we try?"

"Oh, no, indeed, I can't go back,
Don't speak about it yet;
Just now it's such a busy time,
And, uncle, you forget,

"It is not *boys* can do the work,
'Tis *girls* who help their mothers;
And only think how dull 'twould be
Without me, here, for brothers.

"And as to going to a place—
'Tis *I* who make and mend,
And earn some money by my work,
And save much more than spend.

"I turn all kinds of things to use;
Look here! these ends of thread,
Instead of littering on the floor,
They're kept, and every shred

"Of odds and ends I ravel out—
The bag is nearly full;
'Twill make a pillow by and bye,
And be as soft as wool."

Now uncle laugh'd out merrily:
"Why sure the girl's a witch!
Oh no, I see you can't be spared;
It *must* be stitch, stitch, stitch.

"But don't be sitting still all day
To save your ends of threads;
Just stir about and scrub the floors,
And well shake up the beds.

"You mustn't let those ready hands,
And those bright little eyes,
Wear out the body's health and strength
For want of exercise.

"And get a walk, too, when you can,
But mind ye, little Kate,
Walk steady, and go straight along,
And don't be out too late.

"I notic'd near the new house, Kate,
There's a nice fountain set,
So water will be plentiful,
And close at hand to get.

"Have a good wash, child, getting up,
To make you fresh and strong,
And that will be another help
'Gainst sitting still too long.

"And how about the learning, Kate?
Not much of that, I fear;
All needlework, no time for books,
From what I see and hear."

"Oh, yes, there's time for learning too,
I learn my lessons still;
Go once a-day to week-day school,
Now mother is not ill.

"I never miss'd the Sunday school—
And oh! the teaching there
Was help and comfort through our time
Of sorrow and of care.

"How kind, how good poor mother was,
In all her grief and woe!
I'll never leave her—two are gone,
And I *ought not* to go."

"And did I laugh at little Kate,
For all her ends of thread,
And stitch, stitch, stitch—God bless thee, child,"
Then uncle Harry said.

"And so He will; the dutiful,
The loving-hearted child
Is always bless'd, and thou wilt be;"
And tenderly he smil'd.

Mother and Ellen soon came back,
They'd been to Mrs. Gray;
Their pleasant words and cheerful looks
Told of a happy day.

And then the boys came running in,
And father followed fast;
The hearty meal, the merry talk,
And parting came at last.

While Ellen has a few more words
With mother and with Kate,
The others, standing at the door,
Are chatting as they wait.

"The new house is discuss'd again,
Uncle approves it quite;
"Well drained," said he, "the water good,
And on a healthy site.

"The bed-room windows open well—
(You see I've look'd it through);
In one room there's a fire-place—
A great advantage too.

"In sickness or in health 'tis good—
I've heard the doctors say,
In towns, the purest air you get,
Is what comes down that way;

"It's from a higher atmosphere,
Above the steaming drains,
And all the heavy heated fumes,
A close-cramm'd town contains.

"Well, Richard, joy and health to you!
I think you'll prosper there,
Because, through all the trying time,
You trusted in God's care.

"And then, whatever comes must bring
A blessing from above:
Remember, boys, and follow on
In the same trust and love."

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